Saturday Night

November 28. 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Some time during the life of the present Parliament, M. J. Coldwell and his colleagues in the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation must choose which of three courses their party is to follow: the one charted in the Regina Manifesto, with state ownership as its goal, the one leading away from nationalization, already taken by the British Labor party, or one which would veer this way or that according to the whims of the political wind.

Canadian Socialists have always leaned heavily on the ideas and example of their British counterparts. If they continue to do so, they will abandon their doctrine of national ownership of the means of production, as the British party did at its recent convention at Margate. If they do not follow the example of Margate, they will have to keep preaching a dogma which has been not only thoroughly discredited by events in Britain but repudiated by the most powerful of the United Kingdom's union leaders. And if they try to dodge between Margate and Regina, they will, by their lack of direction, alienate their supporters.

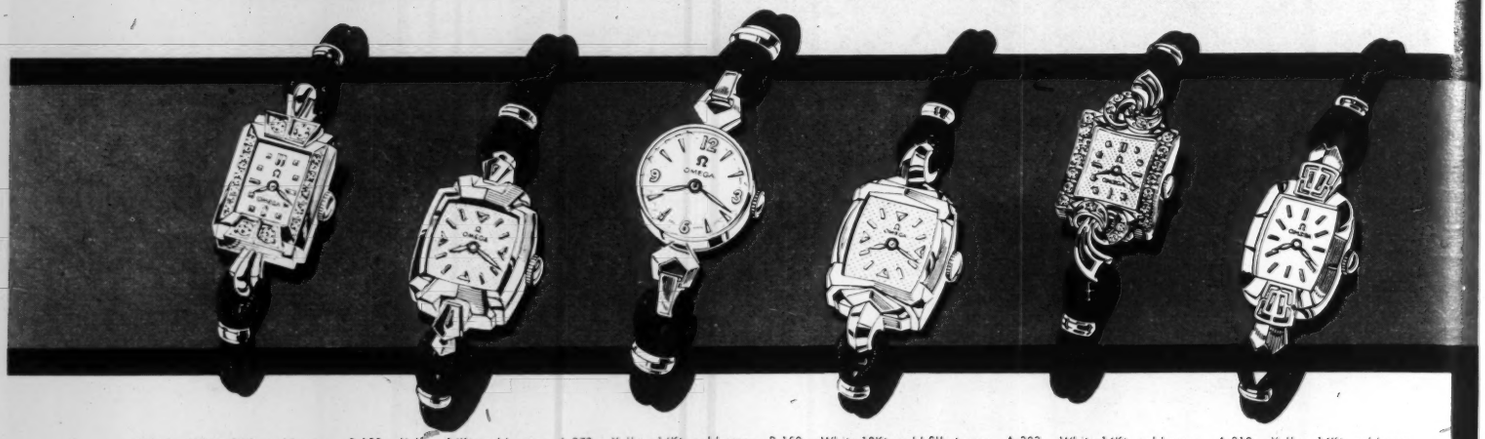
The choice is a miserable one for the CCF, because all three courses lead to the politi-

Miller

ANDRE MAUROIS: The story of George Sand (Book Supplement)

Chrysler Windsor 4-Door Sedan

Give her the time of her life —



A-266 — White 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
14 diamonds
About $250.00

R-155 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
About $125.00

A-273 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
Facetted crystal
About $160.00

R-150 — White 10Kt. gold filled case
18Kt. gold dial
About $100.00

A-303 — White 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
20 diamonds
About $300.00

A-310 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
About $135.00

an excitingly beautiful

OMEGA

Be sure that the watch you put on her wrist is the watch she wants! The high quality of the Omega movement is your best guarantee that her new watch will be a constant reminder of the happy occasion which it is intended to commemorate. High fashion and lasting precision have been Omega traditions for over 100 years. To wear one of these fine watches is to enjoy a certain pride of possession and the most reliable timekeeping in the world.

For full information on other Omega Ladies' and Men's watches, write to — Omega House, Quebec City.

The World has Learned to Trust Omega

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

cal junk-heap. When the gilt of state ownership is removed from Socialism, what is revealed is a sort of ingenuous Liberalism. Without the planks of nationalization, the CCF platform collapses, because its other supports have already been kicked away by the Liberals. Just as the Labor party in Britain, if it sticks to the policy decided on at Margate, will inevitably become a Liberal party in deed if not in name, so will the CCF be swallowed by Liberalism if it follows the British example.

There is one significant difference between the positions of the British and Canadian Socialists on nationalization. In Canada, labor leaders who have tried to make the CCF the political arm of their organizations have been among the most vocal supporters of the doctrine of state ownership; in Britain, the senior officials of the Trade Union Congress were the ones to force the Labor Party away from state ownership. Thus the Canadian Unionists who support the CCF have their own decision to make: whether to cling to their theory or profit by the experience of their brethren in the United Kingdom, who have learnt that Governments, as bosses, are not nearly so efficient or tractable as private corporations who must compete for public favor to survive.

An Age of Snoopers

THIS HAS been called the Age of the Common Man, but the tag has only a superficial aptness. It is not the Age of the Common Man any more than it is the Age of the Uncommon Man; we are all bullied by regulations, mastered by our servants, chivvied by the People Who Know Better, herded by the Joiners and harried by the Atom.

Rather, this is the Age of the Peeping Tom, the snooper to whom truth is a statistic and living a problem in percentages. It is, perhaps, useful to know that 23 per cent of the people in a particular city haven't made up their minds yet whether to buy a pogo-stick or a ouija-board next year; certainly the information can be put to good use by the manufacturers and salesmen of these things. And future historians will treasure such revealing details of our way of life as "2.1 per cent of the people of Winnipeg eat their peas with a knife" and "one out of every 59 single males in Halifax wears a nightshirt." But in many ways the accumulation of statistical information seems to have become an end in itself, not something to be done to increase knowledge for practical or academic use but a pursuit designed solely for the edification and entertainment of the congenitally curious.

Economic Geologist

THE 66-YEAR-OLD Geological Society of America took over the convention floor at Toronto's Royal York Hotel a couple of weeks ago, and the air was a-buzz with talk about invertebrate paleontology, the geochemical aspects of interstitial material in igneous rocks and more frivolous matters such as the Ordovician Dundas formation exposed by excavation work for the city's new subway.

Dr. Alan Bateman, a Canadian who became a professor at Yale University, was pointed out to us as one of the most distinguished of the 1900 delegates at the convention. The "Prof." on the plastic tag he had pinned to his lapel had been scored out. "It's true, of course, that I am a professor," he said. "But I prefer not to be known that way. My speciality is economic geology. I've been teaching it at Yale since 1925, but my association with it goes back further than that. I first became an assistant professor at Yale in 1916—that was the year I got married, when I was 26 years of age. Under the auspices of both Yale and Harvard I studied copper deposits in the southwestern United States. Since 1916, too, I've been editor of the *Journal of Economic Geology*, which covers the branch of geology devoted mostly to mineral deposits. The *Journal* comes out eight times a year and copies find their way to all parts of the world, because in addition to the thousands who are employed in geology, there are thousands of others who regard it as an interesting hobby."

"Almost anybody is likely to get interested in geology," he said. "A man may be travelling through the Rockies or the Himalayas—though I don't suppose that is common—and he begins to wonder what caused the mountains in the first place, and the next step is to do something about finding out. There's a tremendous amount to be learnt by just going out and looking at rocks, at their different forms, what's in them and the markings left on them by the happenings of thousands of years. We can trace some of them back for half a million years, and some for only a few thousand. You can find out a great deal about the age of rocks by their radioactivity. That's nothing to get worried about; it's been there all along. It's only recently that uranium has meant much to the general public. Actually, there's loads of it around but usually in such small quantities that it cannot be marketed economically. I'm going back to New Haven tomorrow, but if you want to know anything else, call my nephew, Dr. J. D. Bateman—he's a geologist with Ventures Limited, and he lives here in Toronto."

Ashley & Crippen

DR. ALAN BATEMAN: Almost anybody can get interested.

Divorce Court

THE DIVORCE Committee of the Senate began work even before the official opening of Parliament, and there were so many petitioners and witnesses waiting to get into the committee rooms that an RCMP constable had to stand guard at the foot of the Senate stairway. It was in such fashion that Parliament got down to the absurd business of being a divorce court—a court made up of men either appointed as elder statesmen or elected after costly campaigns, all brought together at public expense to handle the affairs of a nation and the marital troubles of two provinces.

Trade with Britain

WE HOPE Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, R. A. Butler, will give serious thought to his lighthearted suggestion that British tradition be traded for Canadian dollars. Talking to the Canada Club in London, he said, "The principle is that if you can borrow a great deal of tradition from us, we can borrow a great deal of money from you."

It is doubtful if a deal could be made on tradition; the market is bullish on Canadian tradition at the moment, particularly around Ottawa, and any attempt to import the product of some other nation would undoubtedly be considered unfair competition. But there are other things, fairly close to tradition, which might be traded—culture, for instance. Canadians have been told over and over again during the last few years that they lack culture, but that they can buy it if they want to spend the money. Obviously, if we have to buy it, there must be a seller, and why not Britain?

Canada has all sorts of things like wheat, butter and bacon that Britain would like to get without spending dollars. Let Britain start stockpiling culture, and in the meantime Mr. Butler and Mr. Howe can get together to work out the mechanics of the deal. They may have some difficulty deciding what a bushel of wheat or a Wiltshire side is worth in pints or pounds of fluid or solid culture, but these astute gentlemen should not find the problem insoluble.

The Tastes of Readers

WHEN THE Christmas Book Supplement which appears in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT was being prepared, we began to wonder what books were in the greatest demand in libraries across the country. We sent out messages to the librarians, and their prompt replies enabled us to make this brief report on current tastes in reading from Halifax to Vancouver.

From Here to Eternity, which failed to get a place in the first twelve in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saint John and Toronto, headed the list in Calgary and Regina, was second in Halifax and fifth in Vancouver. In Toronto, there was a brisk demand for James Jones's book as soon as the film version of it appeared in the city, but librarians said they could not give it a rating because it was being circulated chiefly by suburban branches. Winnipeg readers plumped for Brody's *Gone with the Windsors*, those in Edmonton and Saint John for Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea*; in Vancouver, Costain's *The Silver Chalice* was on top, and in Toronto it was Cronin's *Beyond This Place*.

Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* appeared on only two lists of the twelve most popular books. In Calgary it was in fourth place, and in Vancouver it was seventh. In Toronto it is kept in the reference library, and therefore barred from general circulation, possibly on the ground that serious study of sex is for specialists—for others, a happy accident.

Nicholas Monsarrat seems to have a solid Canadian following. Besides heading the poll in Edmonton and Saint John, *The Cruel Sea* was in eighth place in Calgary, just behind Balchin's *Sundry Creditors* and ahead of Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian*, in sixth place in Toronto, and tenth in Vancouver. It did not get into the first twelve in Winnipeg, Halifax or Regina, but

The Front Page

The Story of Esther Costello was running third behind Selinko's *Désirée* in Regina, and seventh in Toronto and Halifax. *Désirée* appeared in only one other list—fifth in Toronto.

Lélia, André Maurois's fine biography of George Sand, headed the non-fiction list in Toronto and was ninth among all books in Vancouver, but did not place anywhere else. Toronto put Paton's *Too Late The Phalarope* in third place, both Calgary and Regina had it in fifth, and in Halifax it was tenth. Douglas's *The Robe,* which was second in Winnipeg and third in Vancouver, was not in the first dozen anywhere else. *The Rommel Papers,* edited by Liddell Hart, was second in Calgary, third among non-fiction books in Toronto and fourth in Regina.

Western readers showed a liking for books about Europe. Dodge's *Poor Man's Guide to Europe* and Wilmot's *Struggle for Europe* both were in the first twelve in Calgary, and Lockhart's *My Europe* was sixth in Winnipeg and eleventh in Edmonton. The people of Regina showed a sturdy provincial loyalty by putting both *So Little for the Mind* by Dr. Hilda Neatby, of the University of Saskatchewan, and Robert Moon's *This is Saskatchewan* on their list of favorites. Toronto's readers have been taking more of an interest in Asia, calling for *India and the Awakening East,* by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and *Seven Years in Tibet,* by Heinrich Harrer. Mrs. Roosevelt's book also squeezed into the list in Calgary.

It was natural, perhaps, that books about the sea were favored in Saint John—*The Cruel Sea* in first place, with Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* in second. It was to be expected, too, that Thomas Raddall's *Tidefall* would be a favorite in Halifax, where it headed the list; in Saint John it was in tenth place. Halifax also showed a lively interest in *Gone with the Windsors* and *The Oliviers,* but Saint John would have none of them, giving their places to *The Struggle for Europe* and *The Silver Chalice.*

If the popularity of books is any guide to the nature of people, there may be some significance in the fact that Peel's *Power of Positive Thinking* was in demand in both Toronto and Edmonton, but not in the other cities, Cousteau's *The Silent World* in Vancouver and Tomlinson's *Practical Formulas for Successful Investing* in Winnipeg. But we'll leave that to the people who worry about such things.

Shared Guilt

MAX ROODMAN, a truck driver, was sentenced to a year in jail by an Ontario court a few weeks ago. The evidence against him was damning: he had parked his battered truck, without lights, on the pavement of a busy highway at night; a bus crashed into it, then plunged into a canal, killing 20 people. Roodman did a stupid, criminal thing and deserved punishment. But it was brought out in the evidence that he had been given a licence to drive only after being turned down five or six times. It is difficult to believe that after so many failures he suddenly acquired the necessary skill and judgment to pass a driving test; his subsequent actions proved he was not competent. Thus his guilt is shared by those who gave him his licence, and they should have been tried with him as accomplices.

Spanish Dancers

THERE IS a passion in the best Spanish dancing that is seldom matched in any other forms of the dance; it is virtuosity combined with virility, grace with fire, and it can rock an audience with its sheer emotional power. We had no inkling of this until we watched a performance, a couple of years ago, given by the José Greco Company (which will be at the Royal Alexandra theatre in Toronto next week), and at that time we sought from Mr. Greco and members of his troupe information on how the whole thing came about.

For Nila Amparo, half Spanish and half Arab, it started when she saw the great Argentinita dance in New York in 1942. "That was it, for me," she said. "I was studying in New York—I was raised in Brooklyn—and I was concentrating on the movements of Oriental dances. Then I went to see Argentinita, and I said to myself, 'I have seen the greatest dancer in the world. I want to be like her.' After a little while I got an audition and I joined her troupe. Arab and Spanish dances have a lot in common—the influence of the Moors in Spain, I suppose—so I had the basic technique. José was Argentinita's partner then. When she died in 1945, he escorted her body back to Spain, and became the partner of Pilar Lopez, La Argentinita's sister. They danced together for three years, and then he formed his own company in Madrid. There has never been anyone like José—and I do not say that because I am his wife. It is what the critics and audiences say."

NILA AMPARO: Never anyone like José.

José Greco, like his wife, was raised in Brooklyn, but he was born in the little village of Montorio, in the Abruzzi mountains of Italy. When he was seven, he was taken to Seville, where he lived with the family of his Spanish mother. "I used to spend hours around the inns and cafés," he said. "I was excited by the traditional Flamenco dances, and the performers became interested, showing me how to do the steps properly. It was a wonderful game. Then when my parents brought me to New York, when I was 10, I still studied dancing. Later I studied art, too, at the Leonardo da Vinci school, but I knew that I had to dance. I got into the chorus of *Carmen,* at the old Hippodrome in New York, and that was my first 'professional' appearance. I studied the Spanish people, their history, politics, art and literature. I had to know all this to interpret the dances."

The Stubborn Wrapper

THE MOST thorough people in the world undoubtedly are those responsible for the cellophane wrappings on such things as cigarettes and crackers. After a particularly strenuous bout with some hermetically sealed package, we have suspected that the manufacturers are so jealous of the appearance and hygienic protection of their finished product that they cannot bear to have these qualities spoiled even by the ultimate consumers.

The other day we put the matter up to Charles Cornell, who is secretary of the Canadian Packaging Association. "There's a natural evolution in packaging," he said. "Sometimes a manufacturer is so determined to get a package that will keep his product clean and fresh that he forgets about convenience. As you know, some of those heat-sealed bags take a lot of tugging apart. But then complaints start or sales drop, and somebody is put to work to find an answer. Sometimes the solution is pretty difficult. Take the lids that have to be pried off. There isn't a housewife in the country who isn't fed up to the teeth with having to fiddle about trying to get the lids off these jars. We know, because they've told us about it. But so far there isn't a machine in existence that can put a screw-top lid on as fast as the old kind. Boom, boom—they're on just like that, airtight and secure. If we switched entirely to the screw-top principle, within a month there would not be a jar in the stores—we just couldn't make them fast enough. There'll be a solution, of course, but we haven't got it yet. It's a matter of evolution."

Mr. Cornell had a personal complaint; he doesn't like striped wrappers around bacon, because they make it difficult for buyers to tell whether the meat is lean or fat without unrolling the package. But we agreed that evolution would probably take care of this irritant, too, and in that thought found new strength to continue the struggle with wrappers that fight against being unwrapped, knowing that some day the little red zippers would unzip without protest.

Dangerous Ground

WE DOUBT if Mrs. Thomas J. White, of Indianapolis, will get very far with her proposal that Robin Hood be kept out of Indiana's schools. Mrs. White, a member of a commission which decides what textbooks are to be used in the state, believes that Robin Hood's practice of taking from the rich to give to the poor was a sort of mediaeval Communism, and could turn Indiana children into a lot of subversive young hellions. There are some advantages to investigating Robin Hood for un-American activities—he can't talk back, for one thing—but there is one over-riding disadvantage: the modern Robin Hood is not the Communist, who would regard the hero of Sherwood as a bourgeois deviationist, but Government, which supports welfare schemes with enforced contributions on a scale that would have shocked bold Robin. Mrs. White had better lay off, or she'll find herself being investigated.

Things Best Forgotten

A LETTER found its way to our desk the other morning from a company which makes some sort of recording gadget. "Buy this for the family," it urged. "Make a permanent record of family chats and sing-songs, baby's first words, daughter's piano playing, home parties and the hundred other interesting and personally historic events of family life." The missive had the effect of a sharp blow to the head; for one long second, we had a vision of infatuated parents making records of all these horrible noises and trapping guests into listening to them, possibly as sound effects with home movies. Recovering from the momentary paralysis, we carefully burned the letter and scattered the ashes, not daring to trust it to the waste basket.

Letters

Union Responsibility

YOUR FRONT PAGE blast at unions (Nov. 7) has this reader wondering why it was necessary for you to create the impression that trade unionism has reached the point that it has little or no regard for the law. If the people guilty of unlawful conduct, and who belong to unions, are punished, surely that is sufficient. To pass legislation compelling unions to become policemen or be sued is an impractical solution.

As you well know, there are lawbreakers in all professions that have associations—to name a few, the Canadian Medical Association, the Bar Association, Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the many groups associated witth rubber, glass, steel, etc. If unions should be made responsible for suit, then it follows that all other associations that are banded together for economic reasons should also be responsible. Can you picture the CMA being sued because Dr. X performed an abortion or the Canadian Bar Association punished because Lawyer X faked a divorce evidence? . . . This solution could get even more ridiculous by punishing a family if one member of it broke the law.

The most satisfactory overall solution to all evils is in the removal of the causes. Perhaps if management adopted the same sort of responsibility as you claim is necessary for the unions to have, the violence you so dislike would be almost eliminated.

As a starter, a sincere application of "bargaining in good faith"; a tremendous speed-up of the action involved in carrying out the Ontario Labor Relations Act.

If Labor is a partner in business, as the Hon. Milton Gregg claims, then it should be treated as such.

ALEXANDER STEPHEN

Scarboro Jct., Ont.

The Queen's Representative

WHEN Prime Minister St. Laurent and his Government are so insistent upon Canadian tradition, Canadian sovereignty and so on, it was strange to see the amusing show put on by the Governor-General and Mayor Charlotte Whitton at the opening of Parliament . . .

I have never seen anything quite so funny as the gilt-and-gingerbread parade through the streets of Ottawa, with all its phoney ceremony and cynical solemnity. Surely Canada, as a young nation, deserves something better than that. There is some reason for the traditions surrounding the convening and subsequent conduct of the affairs of the House of Commons; they serve a useful purpose, if only to remind those who pay any attention to Parliament—a minority, I fear—of the continuing struggle for political freedom and responsibility. But the nonsense of the Governor-General's parade should be eliminated.

As long as the Governor-General is properly the Queen's representative, there was some reason for pomp, but the symbolism has been destroyed by the appointment of a Canadian, usually by the Canadian Government. The gesture of royal appointment is now meaningless. As Queen of Canada, Her Majesty needs no stand-in here. Let the office of Governor-General be done away with . . .

Ottawa JULES LAFRENIERE

Carlyle and Burns

CONGRATULATIONS on Robertson Davies' article on Carlyle. Of course it has been common knowledge for years that C. was impotent. But what is not so widely known (the real scandal of Scottish literature) is that Burns was also impotent. All that stuff about Highland Mary and those other girls was just a front put up for Burns by some influential friends, among them Sir Walter Scott (who was impotent for years). Burns was not just a case of psychological impotence, like Carlyle; he was a cryptorchid, and never developed facial hair, deep voice or any of the other marks of maturity. The real love of Burns's life was Alexander McEachern, whom he idealized as Souter Johnnie in Tam O'Shanter. Not that Burns was a homosexual; owing to his trouble he could not be.

Pratt Falls, Sask. ANGUS MACPHAIL

Telegraph Creek

I WAS very surprised to read that the Harringtons had been at Telegraph Creek, *Alaska*. Telegraph Creek has always been in British Columbia.

I happen to operate a big game hunting camp in the most remote area left in British Columbia, which is about 125 miles north-east of Telegraph Creek and, as I originally rode nearly 1000 miles into the country from Bella Coola on the British Columbia coast, I know something about it.

Few people realize that at least half of British Columbia lies north of the Canadian National railroad which runs from Jasper to Prince Rupert.

T. A. WALKER

Qualicum Beach, B.C.

The Merry Life

A RECENT CORRESPONDONT criticized wine drinking, and referred to France . . . Of course more people are getting drunk in France, and why not? After the devastation of two wars, the only spirit left in the country is alcoholic—not that I object, because I believe it a far better thing to die merry in liquor than be cut off suddenly by a car, or linger mournfully while curious medical men pry and poke at something they call cancer, or accumulate great harvests of ulcers by worrying about wages (you never had it so good) and atomic bombs (you'll never know what hit you).

What this world needs is more merriment. People are not naturally good humored, witty and congenial, but they can become so with the aid of the cup that refreshes and intoxicates. More homes are wrecked by sour dispositions than by sunny convivialism. More people die of over-eating or over-dieting or similar stupid indulgences than by over-drinking. What is the greatest killer today? The failure of the heart to function properly. And what strengthens the heart and makes it glad? Alcohol in the form of beer, wine and liquor.

To keep the record clear, I own no stock and have no interest whatever in any brewery, distillery, winery or any other establishment making or selling good drink. But I enjoy good living. And I will scorn all the dreary statistics of the prohibitionist fanatics as long as they refuse to produce the statistics for their own intemperances in eating, sleeping, talking and so on . . .

Calgary STANLEY J. SMYTHE

Welfare and Charity

. . . YOUR EDITORIAL POLICY seems to be opposed to extension of welfare services by the state—the rugged individualism idea that went out with the stock market crash in 1929. I believe you are approaching the welfare problem from the wrong angle, but Dr. Henry Angus gave you a clue in his recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT.

When the state takes over responsibility for welfare, charity becomes a legal responsibility and ceases to be a public duty. Therefore, I suggest that your editorial policy should be one which is opposed, not to state welfare, but to the dozens of organizations which still operate in the name of charity. Why should the Red Cross, for instance, continue to operate when the state hands out money when disaster strikes? Why should people be asked to contribute to welfare in taxes and again in charitable givings?

What happens, of course, is that the softhearted pay twice, the others once—or not at all, if they are adroit enough to get out of paying taxes, as so many farmers (to name one class) seem able to do without much difficulty . . .

Vancouver HERBERT PHILLIPS

Pronunciation

I HAVE been calling it "bin" for close to four score years; never heard it called "been" to rhyme with "seen" until persons not born, bred and educated in Canada were heard saying "been" . . .

I do not plead for "tolerance" for any inaccuracies, but I do suggest that unless a critic is fair enough to admit that there may be more than one correct way of pronouncing an ENGLISH word, he or she has no right to demand that the only correct way to say it is the way someone from the British Isles pronounces it. This is true of word-meanings, also. For example, should a Canadian tell me, "You are a very homely person", I might feel offended, but would feel quite flattered if an Englishman said the very same thing . . .

I think that teacher who "corrected" an English child for pronouncing a word like "been" as he had been taught in England was merely silly, and discourteous, and missed right there an opportunity to explain to the class the flexibility of our wonderful English language, both spoken and written. In my Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, published in 1857, I find "been" has only one pronunciation, "bin". But in the very latest Merriam Collegiate dictionary I find, "been" pronounced "bin", with "been" as in "seen (British)" as secondary pronunciation.

Edmonton G. M. COOK

In Defence of McCarthy

IN YOUR editorial comment, you have been persistently critical of Senator Joseph McCarthy, a great patriot and a great American, and the tone of your comment would indicate that you do not approve of a democratic nation taking steps to guard itself against the people who would destroy its freedom . . . The comments of yourself and your kind are either deliberately destructive or founded on complete ignorance. What is certain is that you deliberately ignore the fact that no innocent man has been sent to jail, no person clear of the Communist taint has been investigated, no legal procedure has been destroyed . . .

Instead of attacking McCarthy, you should pay more attention to what is going on in Canada—or are Canadians too stuffy, too self-righteous for self-examination? . . . You have your secret police in the RCMP; your Royal Commission on Espionage, as I recall, made free with personal reputations; your Government has the power to act in secret, and has forbidden Communists to work, without making Communism illegal . . . Let him without sin cast the first stone . . .

Buffalo, NY JOHN SUNSTROM

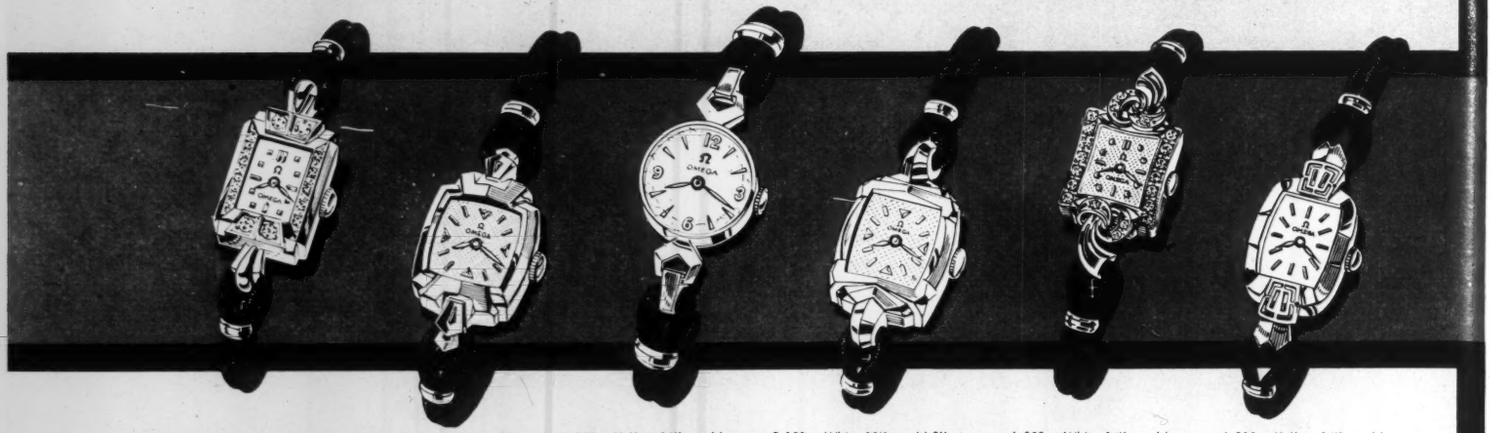
Northern Reports

A WORD TO the benevolent associate editor who writes "The Backward Glance", and who, in your October 17 issue, admires Farley Mowat, admires "The Beaver", and also admires Scott Young ("writer of boys' books and slick stories") for his defence of the first-mentioned from the criticism of the second-mentioned. I hope that on similar anniversaries in the next two or three weeks he will mention, with equally impartial admiration, the replies to Mr. Young's article, by Mr. A. E. Porsild (Dominion botanist, veteran of 20 years' experience in the Arctic) and Richard Harrington (five thousand miles by dog-team, author of *Face of the Arctic* and *Northern Exposure*).

These replies, by the way, were *not* a defence, either of Mr. Mowat or Mr. Young, and little admiration was discernible.

Etobicoke, Ont. JOAN CLARENS

Give her the time of her life —



A-266 — White 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
14 diamonds
About $250.00

R-155 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
About $125.00

A-273 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
Facetted crystal
About $160.00

R-150 — White 10Kt. gold filled case
18Kt. gold dial
About $100.00

A-303 — White 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
20 diamonds
About $300.00

A-310 — Yellow 14Kt. gold case
18Kt. gold dial
About $135.00

an excitingly beautiful

OMEGA

Be sure that the watch you put on her wrist is the watch she wants! The high quality of the Omega movement is your best guarantee that her new watch will be a constant reminder of the happy occasion which it is intended to commemorate. High fashion and lasting precision have been Omega traditions for over 100 years. To wear one of these fine watches is to enjoy a certain pride of possession and the most reliable timekeeping in the world.

For full information on other Omega Ladies' and Men's watches, write to — Omega House, Quebec City.

The World has Learned to Trust Omega

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

cal junk-heap. When the gilt of state ownership is removed from Socialism, what is revealed is a sort of ingenuous Liberalism. Without the plank of nationalization, the CCF platform collapses, because its other supports have already been kicked away by the Liberals. Just as the Labor party in Britain, if it sticks to the policy decided on at Margate, will inevitably become a Liberal party in deed if not in name, so will the CCF be swallowed by Liberalism if it follows the British example.

There is one significant difference between the positions of the British and Canadian Socialists on nationalization. In Canada, labor leaders who have tried to make the CCF the political arm of their organizations have been among the most vocal supporters of the doctrine of state ownership; in Britain, the senior officials of the Trade Union Congress were the ones to force the Labor Party away from state ownership. Thus the Canadian Unionists who support the CCF have their own decision to make: whether to cling to their theory or profit by the experience of their brethren in the United Kingdom, who have learnt that Governments, as bosses, are not nearly so efficient or tractable as private corporations who must compete for public favor to survive.

An Age of Snoopers

THIS HAS been called the Age of the Common Man, but the tag has only a superficial aptness. It is not the Age of the Common Man any more than it is the Age of the Uncommon Man; we are all bullied by regulations, mastered by our servants, chivvied by the People Who Know Better, herded by the Joiners and harried by the Atom.

Rather, this is the Age of the Peeping-Tom, the snooper to whom truth is a statistic and living a problem in percentages. It is, perhaps, useful to know that 23 per cent of the people in a particular city haven't made up their minds yet whether to buy a pogo-stick or a ouija-board next year; certainly the information can be put to good use by the manufacturers and salesmen of these things. And future historians will treasure such revealing details of our way of life as "2.1 per cent of the people of Winnipeg eat their peas with a knife" and "one out of every 59 single males in Halifax wears a nightshirt." But in many ways the accumulation of statistical information seems to have become an end in itself, not something to be done to increase knowledge for practical or academic use but a pursuit designed solely for the edification and entertainment of the congenitally curious.

Economic Geologist

THE 66-YEAR-OLD Geological Society of America took over the convention floor at Toronto's Royal York Hotel a couple of weeks ago, and the air was a-buzz with talk about invertebrate paleontology, the geochemical aspects of interstitial material in igneous rocks and more frivolous matters such as the Ordovician

The Front Page

Dundas formation exposed by excavation work for the city's new subway.

Dr. Alan Bateman, a Canadian who became a professor at Yale University, was pointed out to us as one of the most distinguished of the 1900 delegates at the convention. The "Prof." on the plastic tag he had pinned to his lapel had been scored out. "It's true, of course, that I am a professor," he said. "But I prefer not to be known that way. My speciality is economic geology. I've been teaching it at Yale since 1925, but my association with it goes back further than that. I first became an assistant professor at Yale in 1916—that was the year I got married, when I was 26 years of age. Under the auspices of both Yale and Harvard I studied copper deposits in the southwestern United States. Since 1916, too, I've been editor of the *Journal of Economic Geology*, which covers the branch of geology devoted mostly to mineral deposits. The *Journal* comes out eight times a year and copies find their way to all parts of the world, because in addition to the thousands who are employed in geology, there are thousands of others who regard it as an interesting hobby."

"Almost anybody is likely to get interested in geology," he said. "A man may be travelling through the Rockies or the Himalayas—though I don't suppose that is common—and he begins to wonder what caused the mountains in the first place, and the next step is to do something about finding out. There's a tremendous amount to be learnt by just going out and looking at rocks, at their different forms, what's in them and the markings left on them by the happenings of thousands of years. We can trace some of them back for half a million years, and some for only a few thousand. You can find out a great deal about the age of rocks by their radioactivity. That's nothing to get worried about; it's been there all along. It's only recently that uranium has meant much to the general public. Actually, there's loads of it around but usually in such small quantities that it cannot be marketed economically. I'm going back to New Haven tomorrow, but if you want to know anything else, call my nephew, Dr. J. D. Bateman—he's a geologist with Ventures Limited, and he lives here in Toronto."

Divorce Court

THE DIVORCE Committee of the Senate began work even before the official opening of Parliament, and there were so many petitioners and witnesses waiting to get into the committee rooms that an RCMP constable had to stand guard at the foot of the Senate stairway. It was in such fashion that Parliament got down to the absurd business of being a divorce court—a court made up of men either appointed as elder statesmen or elected after costly campaigns, all brought together at public expense to handle the affairs of a nation and the marital troubles of two provinces.

Ashley & Crippen

DR. ALAN BATEMAN: Almost anybody can get interested.

Trade with Britain

WE HOPE Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, R. A. Butler, will give serious thought to his lighthearted suggestion that British tradition be traded for Canadian dollars. Talking to the Canada Club in London, he said, "The principle is that if you can borrow a great deal of tradition from us, we can borrow a great deal of money from you."

It is doubtful if a deal could be made on tradition; the market is bullish on Canadian tradition at the moment, particularly around Ottawa, and any attempt to import the product of some other nation would undoubtedly be considered unfair competition. But there are other things, fairly close to tradition, which might be traded—culture, for instance. Canadians have been told over and over again during the last few years that they lack culture, but that they can buy it if they want to spend the money. Obviously, if we have to buy it, there must be a seller, and why not Britain?

Canada has all sorts of things like wheat, butter and bacon that Britain would like to get without spending dollars. Let Britain start stockpiling culture, and in the meantime Mr. Butler and Mr. Howe can get together to work out the mechanics of the deal. They may have some difficulty deciding what a bushel of wheat or a Wiltshire side is worth in pints or pounds of fluid or solid culture, but these astute gentlemen should not find the problem insoluble.

The Tastes of Readers

WHEN THE Christmas Book Supplement which appears in this issue of SATURDAY NIGHT was being prepared, we began to wonder what books were in the greatest demand in libraries across the country. We sent out messages to the librarians, and their prompt replies enabled us to make this brief report on current tastes in reading from Halifax to Vancouver.

From Here to Eternity, which failed to get a place in the first twelve in Winnipeg, Edmonton, Saint John and Toronto, headed the list in Calgary and Regina, was second in Halifax and fifth in Vancouver. In Toronto, there was a brisk demand for James Jones's book as soon as the film version of it appeared in the city, but librarians said they could not give it a rating because it was being circulated chiefly by suburban branches. Winnipeg readers plumped for Brody's *Gone with the Windsors*, those in Edmonton and Saint John for Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea;* in Vancouver, Costain's *The Silver Chalice* was on top, and in Toronto it was Cronin's *Beyond This Place*.

Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* appeared on only two lists of the twelve most popular books. In Calgary it was in fourth place, and in Vancouver it was seventh. In Toronto it is kept in the reference library, and therefore barred from general circulation, possibly on the ground that serious study of sex is for specialists—for others, a happy accident.

Nicholas Monsarrat seems to have a solid Canadian following. Besides heading the poll in Edmonton and Saint John, *The Cruel Sea* was in eighth place in Calgary, just behind Balchin's *Sundry Creditors* and ahead of Hutchison's *The Incredible Canadian*, in sixth place in Toronto, and tenth in Vancouver. It did not get into the first twelve in Winnipeg, Halifax or Regina, but

The Front Page

The Story of Esther Costello was running third behind Selinko's *Désirée* in Regina, and seventh in Toronto and Halifax. *Désirée* appeared in only one other list—fifth in Toronto.

Lélia, André Maurois's fine biography of George Sand, headed the non-fiction list in Toronto and was ninth among all books in Vancouver, but did not place anywhere else. Toronto put Paton's *Too Late The Phalarope* in third place, both Calgary and Regina had it in fifth, and in Halifax it was tenth. Douglas's *The Robe,* which was second in Winnipeg and third in Vancouver, was not in the first dozen anywhere else. *The Rommel Papers,* edited by Liddell Hart, was second in Calgary, third among non-fiction books in Toronto and fourth in Regina.

Western readers showed a liking for books about Europe. Dodge's *Poor Man's Guide to Europe* and Wilmot's *Struggle for Europe* both were in the first twelve in Calgary, and Lockhart's *My Europe* was sixth in Winnipeg and eleventh in Edmonton. The people of Regina showed a sturdy provincial loyalty by putting both *So Little for the Mind* by Dr. Hilda Neatby, of the University of Saskatchewan, and Robert Moon's *This is Saskatchewan* on their list of favorites. Toronto's readers have been taking more of an interest in Asia, calling for *India and the Awakening East,* by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and *Seven Years in Tibet,* by Heinrich Harrer. Mrs. Roosevelt's book also squeezed into the list in Calgary.

It was natural, perhaps, that books about the sea were favored in Saint John—*The Cruel Sea* in first place, with Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny* in second. It was to be expected, too, that Thomas Raddall's *Tidefall* would be a favorite in Halifax, where it headed the list; in Saint John it was in tenth place. Halifax also showed a lively interest in *Gone with the Windsors* and *The Oliviers,* but Saint John would have none of them, giving their places to *The Struggle for Europe* and *The Silver Chalice.*

If the popularity of books is any guide to the nature of people, there may be some significance in the fact that Peel's *Power of Positive Thinking* was in demand in both Toronto and Edmonton, but not in the other cities, Cousteau's *The Silent World* in Vancouver and Tomlinson's *Practical Formulas for Successful Investing* in Winnipeg. But we'll leave that to the people who worry about such things.

Shared Guilt

MAX ROODMAN, a truck driver, was sentenced to a year in jail by an Ontario court a few weeks ago. The evidence against him was damning: he had parked his battered truck, without lights, on the pavement of a busy highway at night; a bus crashed into it, then plunged into a canal, killing 20 people. Roodman did a stupid, criminal thing and deserved punishment. But it was brought out in the evidence that he had been given a licence to drive only after being turned down five or six times. It is difficult to believe that after so many failures he suddenly acquired the necessary skill and judgment to pass a driving test; his subsequent actions proved he was not competent. Thus his guilt is shared by those who gave him his licence, and they should have been tried with him as accomplices.

Spanish Dancers

THERE IS a passion in the best Spanish dancing that is seldom matched in any other forms of the dance; it is virtuosity combined with virility, grace with fire, and it can rock an audience with its sheer emotional power. We had no inkling of this until we watched a performance, a couple of years ago, given by the José Greco Company (which will be at the Royal Alexandra theatre in Toronto next week), and at that time we sought from Mr Greco and members of his troupe information on how the whole thing came about.

For Nila Amparo, half Spanish and half Arab, it started when she saw the great Argentinita dance in New York in 1942. "That was it, for me," she said. "I was studying in New York—I was raised in Brooklyn—and I was concentrating on the movements of Oriental dances. Then I went to see Argentinita, and I said to myself, 'I have seen the greatest dancer in the world. I want to be like her.' After a little while I got an audition and I joined her troupe. Arab and Spanish dances have a lot in common—the influence of the Moors in Spain, I suppose—so I had the basic technique. José was Argentinita's partner then. When she died in 1945, he escorted her body back to Spain, and became the partner of Pilar Lopez, La Argentinita's sister. They danced together for three years, and then he formed his own company in Madrid.

NILA AMPARO: Never anyone like José.

There has never been anyone like José—and I do not say that because I am his wife. It is what the critics and audiences say."

José Greco, like his wife, was raised in Brooklyn, but he was born in the little village of Montorio, in the Abruzzi mountains of Italy. When he was seven, he was taken to Seville, where he lived with the family of his Spanish mother. "I used to spend hours around the inns and cafés," he said. "I was excited by the traditional Flamenco dances, and the performers became interested, showing me how to do the steps properly. It was a wonderful game. Then when my parents brought me to New York, when I was 10, I still studied dancing. Later I studied art, too, at the Leonardo da Vinci school, but I knew that I had to dance. I got into the chorus of *Carmen,* at the old Hippodrome in New York, and that was my first 'professional' appearance. I studied the Spanish people, their history, politics, art and literature. I had to know all this to interpret the dances."

The Stubborn Wrapper

THE MOST thorough people in the world undoubtedly are those responsible for the cellophane wrappings on such things as cigarettes and crackers. After a particularly strenuous bout with some hermetically sealed package, we have suspected that the manufacturers are so jealous of the appearance and hygienic protection of their finished product that they cannot bear to have these qualities spoiled even by the ultimate consumers.

The other day we put the matter up to Charles Cornell, who is secretary of the Canadian Packaging Association. "There's a natural evolution in packaging," he said. "Sometimes a manufacturer is so determined to get a package that will keep his product clean and fresh that he forgets about convenience. As you know, some of those heat-sealed bags take a lot of tugging apart. But then complaints start or sales drop, and somebody is put to work to find an answer. Sometimes the solution is pretty difficult. Take the lids that have to be pried off. There isn't a housewife in the country who isn't fed up to the teeth with having to fiddle about trying to get the lids off these jars. We know, because they've told us about it. But so far there isn't a machine in existence that can put a screw-top lid on as fast as the old kind. Boom, boom—they're on just like that, airtight and secure. If we switched entirely to the screw-top principle, within a month there would not be a jar in the stores—we just couldn't make them fast enough. There'll be a solution, of course, but we haven't got it yet. It's a matter of evolution."

Mr. Cornell had a personal complaint; he doesn't like striped wrappers around bacon, because they make it difficult for buyers to tell whether the meat is lean or fat without unrolling the package. But we agreed that evolution would probably take care of this irritant, too, and in that thought found new strength to continue the struggle with wrappers that fight against being unwrapped, knowing that some day the little red zippers would unzip without protest.

Dangerous Ground

NO WE DOUBT if Mrs. Thomas J. White, of Indianapolis, will get very far with her proposal that Robin Hood be kept out of Indiana's schools. Mrs. White, a member of a commission which decides what textbooks are to be used in the state, believes that Robin Hood's practice of taking from the rich to give to the poor was a sort of mediaeval Communism, and could turn Indiana children into a lot of subversive young hellions. There are some advantages to investigating Robin Hood for un-American activities—he can't talk back, for one thing—but there is one over-riding disadvantage: the modern Robin Hood is not the Communist, who would regard the hero of Sherwood as a bourgeois deviationist, but Government, which supports welfare schemes with enforced contributions on a scale that would have shocked bold Robin. Mrs. White had better lay off, or she'll find herself being investigated.

Things Best Forgotten

A LETTER found its way to our desk the other morning from a company which makes some sort of recording gadget. "Buy this for the family," it urged. "Make a permanent record of family chats and singsongs, baby's first words, daughter's piano playing, home parties and the hundred other interesting and personally historic events of family life." The missive had the effect of a sharp blow to the head; for one long second, we had a vision of infatuated parents making records of all these horrible noises and trapping guests into listening to them, possibly as sound effects with home movies. Recovering from the momentary paralysis, we carefully burned the letter and scattered the ashes, not daring to trust it to the waste basket.

Letters

Union Responsibility

YOUR FRONT PAGE blast at unions (Nov. 7) has this reader wondering why it was necessary for you to create the impression that trade unionism has reached the point that it has little or no regard for the law. If the people guilty of unlawful conduct, and who belong to unions, are punished, surely that is sufficient. To pass legislation compelling unions to become policemen or be sued is an impractical solution.

As you well know, there are lawbreakers in all professions that have associations—to name a few, the Canadian Medical Association, the Bar Association, Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the many groups associated witth rubber, glass, steel, etc. If unions should be made responsible for suit, then it follows that all other associations that are banded together for economic reasons should also be responsible. Can you picture the CMA being sued because Dr. X performed an abortion or the Canadian Bar Association punished because Lawyer X faked a divorce evidence? . . . This solution could get even more ridiculous by punishing a family if one member of it broke the law.

The most satisfactory overall solution to all evils is in the removal of the causes. Perhaps if management adopted the same sort of responsibility as you claim is necessary for the unions to have, the violence you so dislike would be almost eliminated.

As a starter, a sincere application of "bargaining in good faith"; a tremendous speed-up of the action involved in carrying out the Ontario Labor Relations Act.

If Labor is a partner in business, as the Hon. Milton Gregg claims, then it should be treated as such.

ALEXANDER STEPHEN

Scarboro Jct., Ont.

The Queen's Representative

WHEN Prime Minister St. Laurent and his Government are so insistent upon Canadian tradition, Canadian sovereignty and so on, it was strange to see the amusing show put on by the Governor-General and Mayor Charlotte Whitton at the opening of Parliament . . .

I have never seen anything quite so funny as the gilt-and-gingerbread parade through the streets of Ottawa, with all its phoney ceremony and cynical solemnity. Surely Canada, as a young nation, deserves something better than that. There is some reason for the traditions surrounding the convening and subsequent conduct of the Senate and the House of Commons; they serve a useful purpose, if only to remind those who pay any attention to Parliament—a minority, I fear—of the continuing struggle for political freedom and responsibility. But the nonsense of the Governor-General's parade should be eliminated.

As long as the Governor-General was properly the Queen's representative, there was some reason for pomp, but the symbolism has been destroyed by the appointment of a Canadian, actually by the Canadian Government. The gesture of royal appointment is now meaningless. As Queen of Canada, Her Majesty needs no stand-in here. Let the office of Governor-General be done away with . . .

Ottawa JULES LAFRENIERE

Carlyle and Burns

CONGRATULATIONS on Robertson Davies' article on Carlyle. Of course it has been common knowledge for years that C. was impotent. But what is not so widely known (the real scandal of Scottish literature) is that Burns was also impotent. All that stuff about Highland Mary and those other girls was just a front put up for Burns by some influential friends, among them Sir Walter Scott (who was impotent for years). Burns was not just a case of psychological impotence, like Carlyle; he was a cryptorchid, and never developed facial hair, deep voice or any of the other marks of maturity. The real love of Burns's life was Alexander McEachern, whom he idealized as Souter Johnnie in Tam O'Shanter. Not that Burns was a homosexual; owing to his trouble he could not be.

Pratt Falls, Sask. ANGUS MACPHAIL

Telegraph Creek

I WAS very surprised to read that the Harringtons had been at Telegraph Creek, *Alaska*. Telegraph Creek has always been in British Columbia.

I happen to operate a big game hunting camp in the most remote area left in British Columbia, which is about 125 miles north-east of Telegraph Creek and, as I originally rode nearly 1000 miles into the country from Bella Coola on the British Columbia coast, I know something about it.

Few people realize that at least half of British Columbia lies north of the Canadian National railroad which runs from Jasper to Prince Rupert.

T. A. WALKER

Qualicum Beach, B.C.

The Merry Life

A RECENT CORRESPONDONT criticized wine drinking, and referred to France . . . Of course more people are getting drunk in France, and why not? After the devastation of two wars, the only spirit left in the country is alcoholic—not that I object, because I believe it a far better thing to die merry in liquor than be cut off suddenly by a car, or linger mournfully while curious medical men pry and poke at something they call cancer, or accumulate great harvests of ulcers by worrying about wages (you never had it so good) and atomic bombs (you'll never know what hit you).

What this world needs is more merriment. People are not naturally good humored, witty and congenial, but they can become so with the aid of the cup that refreshes and intoxicates. More homes are wrecked by sour dispositions than by sunny convivialism. More people die of over-eating or over-dieting or similar stupid indulgences than by over-drinking. What is the greatest killer today? The failure of the heart to function properly. And what strengthens the heart and makes it glad? Alcohol in the form of beer, wine and liquor.

To keep the record clear, I own no stock and have no interest whatever in any brewery, distillery, winery or any other establishment making or selling good drink. But I enjoy good living. And I will scorn all the dreary statistics of the prohibitionist fanatics as long as they refuse to produce the statistics for their own intemperances in eating, sleeping, talking and so on . . .

Calgary STANLEY J. SMYTHE

Welfare and Charity

. . . YOUR EDITORIAL POLICY seems to be opposed to extension of welfare services by the state—the rugged individualism idea that went out with the stock market crash in 1929. I believe you are approaching the welfare problem from the wrong angle, but Dr. Henry Angus gave you a clue in his recent article in SATURDAY NIGHT.

When the state takes over responsibility for welfare, charity becomes a legal responsibility and ceases to be a public duty. Therefore, I suggest that your editorial policy should be one which is opposed, not to state welfare, but to the dozens of organizations which still operate in the name of charity. Why should the Red Cross, for instance, continue to operate when the state hands out money when disaster strikes? Why should people be asked to contribute to welfare in taxes and again in charitable givings?

What happens, of course, is that the softhearted pay twice, the others once—or not at all, if they are adroit enough to get out of paying taxes, as so many farmers (to name one class) seem able to do without much difficulty . . .

Vancouver HERBERT PHILLIPS

Pronunciation

I HAVE been calling it "bin" for close to four score years; never heard it called "been" to rhyme with "seen" until persons not born, bred and educated in Canada were heard saying "been" . . .

I do not plead for "tolerance" for any inaccuracies, but I do suggest that unless a critic is fair enough to admit that there may be more than one correct way of pronouncing an ENGLISH word, he or she has no right to demand that the only correct way to say it is the way someone from the British Isles pronounces it. This is true of word-meanings, also. For example, should a Canadian tell me, "You are a very homely person", I might feel offended, but would feel quite flattered if an Englishman said the very same thing . . .

I think that teacher who "corrected" an English child for pronouncing a word like "been" as he had been taught in England was merely silly, and discourteous, and missed right there an opportunity to explain to the class the flexibility of our wonderful English language, both spoken and written. In my Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, published in 1857, I find "been" has only one pronunciation, "bin". But in the very latest Merriam Collegiate dictionary I find, "been" pronounced "bin", with "been" as in "seen (British)" as secondary pronunciation.

Edmonton G. M. COOK

In Defence of McCarthy

IN YOUR editorial comment, you have been persistently critical of Senator Joseph McCarthy, a great patriot and a great American, and the tone of your comment would indicate that you do not approve of a democratic nation taking steps to guard itself against the people who would destroy its freedom . . . The comments of yourself and your kind are either deliberately destructive or founded on complete ignorance. What is certain is that you deliberately ignore the fact that no innocent man has been sent to jail, no person clear of the Communist taint has been investigated, no legal procedure has been destroyed . . .

Instead of attacking McCarthy, you should pay more attention to what is going on in Canada—or are Canadians too stuffy, too self-righteous for self-examination? . . . You have your secret police in the RCMP; your Royal Commission on Espionage, as I recall, made free with personal reputations; your Government has the power to act in secret, and has forbidden Communists to work, without making Communism illegal . . . Let him without sin cast the first stone . . .

Buffalo, NY JOHN SUNSTROM

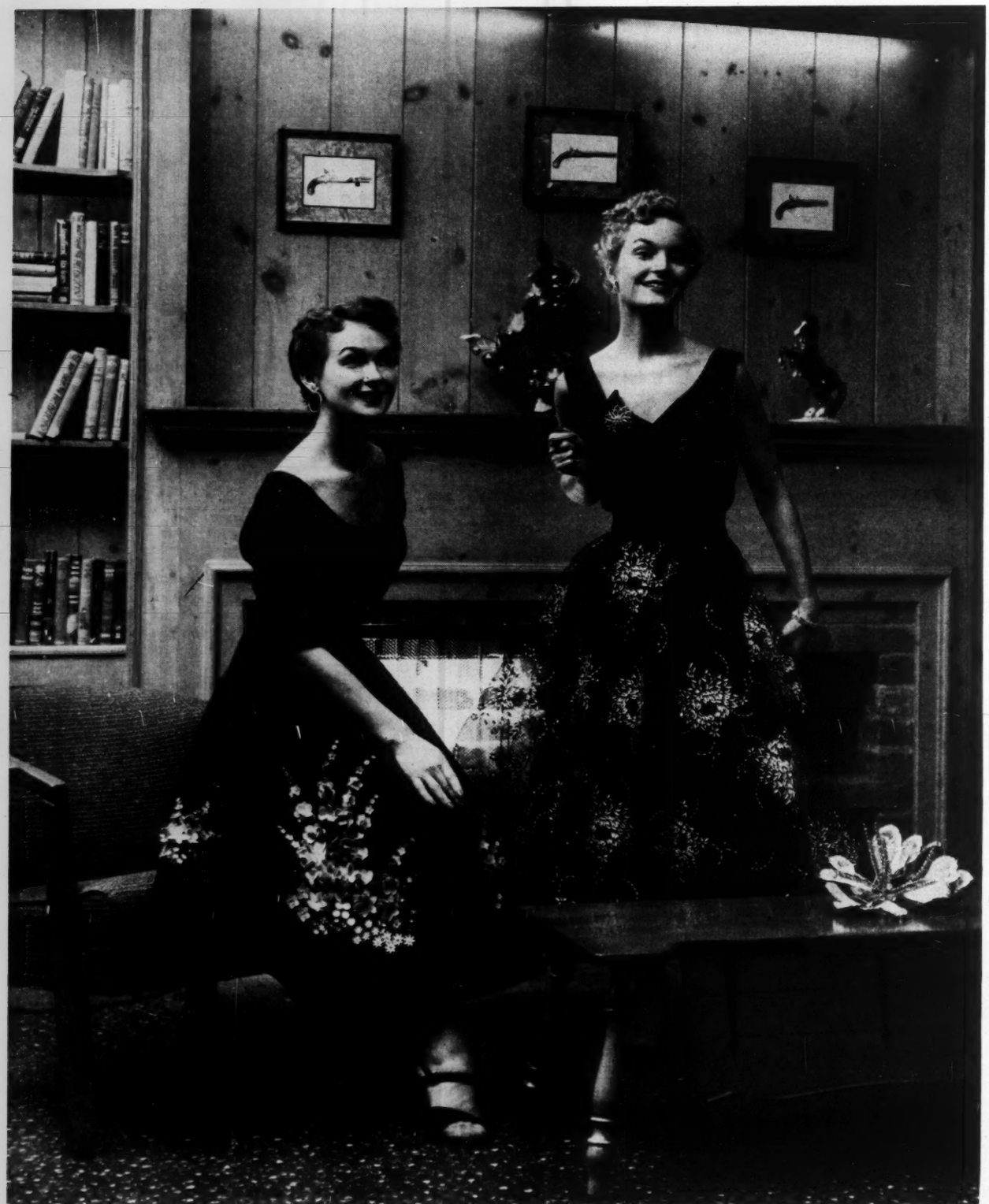
Northern Reports

A WORD TO the benevolent associate editor who writes "The Backward Glance", and who, in your October 17 issue, admires Farley Mowat, admires "The Beaver", and also admires Scott Young ("writer of boys' books and slick stories") for his defence of the first-mentioned from the criticism of the second-mentioned. I hope that on similar anniversaries in the next two or three weeks he will mention, with equally impartial admiration, the replies to Mr. Young's article, by Mr. A. E. Porsild (Dominion botanist, veteran of 20 years' experience in the Arctic) and Richard Harrington (five thousand miles by dog-team, author of *Face of the Arctic* and *Northern Exposure*).

These replies, by the way, were *not* a defence, either of Mr. Mowat or Mr. Young, and little admiration was discernible.

Etobicoke, Ont. JOAN CLARENS

for holiday evenings . . .



Black wool jersey top with scoop neck. Sizes 12 to 18. each 7.95

Flower-appliqued black felt skirt. Size 14. each $35

Black velveteen top. Sizes 10 to 18. each 8.95

Patterned net over taffeta skirt. Black-with-pink, black-with-white. Sizes 12 to 16 in the group. each 18.95

Simpson's Ski Shop, Fashion Floor, The Third Dept. 304

A country Christmas . . . days spent in Winter sports call for glamorous casuals for after nightfall. You will find gay-spirited casuals such as these in our glow of colorful after-dark separates . . . wonderful to wear . . . delightful as very special Christmas gifts.

PHONE TRINITY 8111 OR WRITE SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO

Simpson's TORONTO

The Strange Growths From Simple Words

By IVOR BROWN

Jonathan Cape

IVOR BROWN, associate editor of the London Observer, is an indefatigable explorer of language and has recorded his adventures in several books.

IN A RECENT ARTICLE in SATURDAY NIGHT Robertson Davies had a whack at what he called sucker-words, that is to say words which have thrown out shoots and grown longer. One he particularly disliked was "motivate"; as he justly said, it does not mean more than its shorter and older form. If he was motivated to write a protest, was he more than moved? But surely he would have been moved to an extreme of fury if he had read, as I recently did, "The motivational basis of this Screen Epic." Screen Epics, I have noticed are apt to be described not as merely signed by the mighty hand of this or that Scriptist, but signatured. But such jargon is, of course, aimed at suckers. Did Mr. Davies choose his term, sucker-word, with a double intention?

The habit of turning a noun formed from a verb into another and longer verb grows in popularity. The sporting writers in the English Press, suffering, I fear, from a sense of inferiority and eager to display a taste in sucker-words, are always at it. They never use the verb to place if they can say to position instead. "The captain positioned his men badly." This kind of grandiloquence even affects the men of the field and the ring, as well as of the Press box. I recently noticed in a newspaper report of an interview that one boxer said of another boxer, "He decisioned me last year." This referred, I presume, to a win on points. As time goes on, our sporting journalism in Britain, instead of being more and more "peppy," becomes almost Ciceronian.

My fellow-toilers in Fleet Street have recently decided that no description of anything is complete without the introduction of the epithet fabulous. This word, properly used, means fabled, mythical, or legendary: that is to say, unreal. Yet it is consistently applied to the actual, visible triumphs of actual, visible men. "Fabulous football was played yesterday at Chelsea." And, of course, during the Coronation weeks in London, nothing occurred anywhere that was not the extreme of fabulosity. One decided, at the end of so many fabulous happenings, that Queen Elizabeth the Second must herself be a myth.

The application of classic terms and heavy sucker-words to modern and trivial matters has had some charming results. One that I have especially enjoyed was the descriptive title of Ecdysiast. That was bestowed upon the Strip-tease Artist by H. L. Mencken in reply to a request. He was approached (in correspondence) by a distressed lady of that craft. She complained that "the unfortunate word strip-teasing has caused the wrong connotations in the public mind," and she appealed to H.L.M. as a semantician to "coin a new and more palatable word." From this it may be derived that strip-teasers are mistresses of a rich Latinity in choice of words, likely to produce correct mental connotations.

Appropriately, Mr. Mencken went from Latin to Greek to satisfy her cultural needs and to meet the requirements of a more dignified publicity for her calling. Having rejected moultician as being too close to mortician, he remembered the Greek word "ecdysis" for a putting-off; it is specially used by biologists, themselves unquenchable classicists, to describe the moulting of feathers and sloughing away of skins. I gather that the lady found Ecdysiasts very much to her taste, and that a "Society of Ecdysiasts, Parade, and Specialty Dancers" was formed to protect the professional interests of this fellowship—and to defend the practitioners from the ethical and inartistic interference of those civic authorities who wish to get them covered.

The vocabulary of deceit offers some fascinating examples of the appetite for length and for the recondite. Hornswoggle is a fine specimen; Mencken makes it an equivalent to honey-fogle and gives both more than a century of life. The old English terms were cog and bam, but the distaste for brevity was shown when bam became bamboozle; that was in the eighteenth century. Dean Swift described bamboozle as one of a series of words "invented by some pretty Fellows and now struggling for the Vogue."

Damon Runyan liked the term Skull-duggery for swindling and spelled it so. The Scots have a similar word in sculduddery—the two must surely be cousins—but that is usually applied to obscenity and not to dishonesty. Cultural pretentiousness, which is, after all, only another form of deceit, is sometimes dismissed by unkind critics as "the old malarkey." I cannot discover the source of this beauty, which Runyan links with "the old Phonus-Bolonus." The source of phoney is much disputed, but I believe it is a variant on the old criminals' slang-word fawney, which was a term for sham jewellery. Boloney was a name for a sausage; this was derived from Bologna, a city famous for its output of these meats. During the late war, when Britain was almost meatless, there were still boloneys of a kind, mostly made of wrapped-up cereals. I heard them neatly defined as "bread-crumbs in battle-dress."

My enquiries about the origin of malarkey have brought me no certain information. It has been attributed to the Irish. However that may be, I like the idea of a literary horn-swoggler dishing up the old phonus-bolonus and perhaps a bit of egg-head malarkey too. Egg-head seems to be rapidly replacing high-brow as a description of those indulging, for reputation's sake, in some intellectual high-faluting. My Oxford Dictionary, incidentally, attributes high-faluting to America. But what a falute may have been I cannot discover. To dismiss fakes and pretences as bogus now sounds rather old-fashioned. Phoney superseded bogus some time ago; they are closely akin not only in meaning but in source. For while phoney came from fawney, meaning, as I said, sham jewels, a bogus was the apparatus used by coiners for counterfeiting money.

RETURNING to the sucker-words, it is fair to surmise that "post-mortemization" would immediately pressurize Mr. Davies's powers of endurance beyond all power of enduring. "I speak in no spirit of Post-mortemization," said an Australian politician recently, intending to be kind. Another Australian statesman proudly defied his opponents by stating firmly, "We shall not be stampeded or pressurized." What sort of impressurization does that make on the ordinary person who believes that press is quite an effective verb, in its own little way?

There is, however, a case put up for some much criticised words. I meet with some valiant defenders of the sucker-words on the ground that in certain instances they do actually save time and money in the matter of transmitting messages and orders. A case in point was hospitalize. When I derided this term, I was told that it does economize in Service Communications. If a cable is sent saying that so-and-so has been hospitalized and not that so-and-so has been sent to hospital there is admittedly an economical abbreviation. Bonusable, i.e., due to be allotted a bonus, is another word justified on the same ground. There, too, the recording of workers in an employer's list as bonusable may save space, but that is no reason for translating much more of the English language into cable-ese.

But let us move on to some shorter words. Moving has itself had many admirable terms, brisk and brief. The vulgar characters in Shakespeare say "Shall we shog?" and I discovered in one of Ben Jonson's *Masques* a character who enquired whether he and his friends should "beat it down the cobbled street." "Beat it" is regarded by most Englishmen as an Americanism; but it is evidently one of the many English terms imported by the early colonists and kept alive across the Atlantic. Another of these is the deck of cards. The English now always say a pack of cards and are slightly puzzled when the crook in a film story asks for a deck. But Shakespeare would have understood the usage immediately. For he himself had written

But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was slyly fingered from the deck.

In England the once common "scram," presumably short for scram-

ble, has been widely replaced by scarper. This is explained as a reference to Scapa Flow where the German Fleet was scuttled after the First World War. There is always in England the habit of using rhyming slang and the rhyming of Flow with go may have added to the attractions of scarper. But it is an ugly, silly word and I would much prefer to have kept the curt Elizabethan shog and beat it. P. G. Wodehouse set a fashion of greater elegance when he made the tactful Jeeves stream or shimmer out of the room during occasions embarrassing for his employer. Shimmering, for quitting, suggests the very poetry of motion.

Mention of verbal elegance sets me thinking of a trick now much used by writers of advertising copy. In describing the delectable articles available and in whetting the purchasers' appetite, they are inevitably hard put to it to discover new adjectives or at any rate adjectives not wholly staled and dulled by over-work. One way is to take a noun which suggests a picture and then hyphen it to an epithet. Thus I have just been reading in a magazine of pet-smooth and whisper-light lingerie and of garments so cunningly designed for folk of middle-age that the buyers will still look pencil-slim. Of furry winter boots for ladies I also note that these are poodle-trim. I salute the ingenuity of those who must, with only the limited resource of a hard-pressed vocabulary, continue day after day to find new methods of alluring the consumer.

The ladies for whom the pet-smooth, the whisper-light, and the poodle-trim articles are marketed have had a great number of names in their time. Just as the word Lord is traced back by the lexicographers to "Loaf-ward," the bread-keeper, so is Lady referred to loaf-dough, the kneader of the bread. The Oxford English Dictionary admits these humble origins to be less than plausible, but there is no other explanation of lords and ladies; so we must accept them both as superior kitchen and larder personalities. It would need a volume to contain the number of words in which, either in affection or in slang, young men have described or addressed young women. Here is a world in which fashion changes very rapidly.

For example, when I was a lad attending music-halls, the current terms for dating a girl and doing a bit of petting and necking were mashing and spoonery. "Dude Comedians" in the pre-aeroplane age suggested a trip to the moon in a balloon for purposes of a spoon. Vigilant parents warned their sons against a young woman so amorous indeed that she would flirt with the leg of a table. But I never hear the words mash, spoon, or flirt now. They have yielded to making passes. One of the strangest accidents has been the adoption from the Greek of the word sophisticated (Sophia was the Greek for wisdom), with a far from philosophical implication. To be sophisticated now is to know a thing or two and not refrain from putting knowledge into practice; but the adjective is restricted to the feminine sex.

The terms of affection include a fascinating range of zoology. In the seventeenth century it was the custom to call one's darling a Mouse, despite the fact that women habitually dislike mice and may even be frightened of them. Another term of endearment then was Mop or Moppet. A mop was a small fish and nowadays we do not so honor fish, reserving the term trout chiefly for the old, or at least for those not "easy on the eye." This is absurd, since the trout is one of the liveliest and most beautiful of fish. In the Middle Ages it was usual to call the Fair One a sparrow, and sparrows are, to us, grubby little city urchins with no appeal of plumage or of song. But perhaps the sparrow of the Latin poets and of the mediaeval lovers was really a green-finch or a gold-finch.

A most extraordinary usage is the Scottish employment of hen to suggest affection and admiration. A less likable or admirable bird than the ordinary back-yard hen can hardly be imagined. Yet a Glasgow husband will think that he is being sweet to his wife if he calls her "My wee hen." It is possible that the Scottish use of hen as an alternative to the Elizabethan mouse and moppet is really a brief corruption of hinny, which is a North of England word for darling, itself a corruption of honey. I prefer to think that the Scot, who "hens" the lass of his fancy, is really thinking in terms of the bee-hive and not of the poultry yard.

Now the familiar Duck, or oddly, the plural Ducks, is overwhelmingly popular in England. It may be used by all and sundry in speaking to all and sundry. The bus conductress, passing you a ticket, says "Here you are, Ducks," although she has never set eyes on you before. In terminology the Century of the Common Man is becoming, with its hens and ducks, the Century of the Common Fowl. When I was at Oxford we, apparently deeming ourselves to be stags, spoke of girls as does, and that showed, I think, a certain aesthetic sense and paid an agreeable compliment since the female deer is a graceful creature.

The zoological metaphors have been transferred to less gracious uses. One strange feature of contemporary appellatives in English is the lingering tone of respect in the use of Governor, Guv'nor, or Guv. While the London bus conductress cheerily addresses the male traveller as Duck or Ducks, assuming complete social equality, the barrow-boy and street-traders will shout "Here you are, Guv'nor," as though the customer was still worthy of respect and to be treated, at least superficially, as a superior, a natural member of a ruling class. It is noticeable, however, that if the barrow-boy does not call you Guv'nor, he may salute you as "Cock." So you are back among the poultry after all and Democracy marches on.

The Public Prints

Le Devoir, Montreal: The day after the Supreme Court judgment on the Jehovah Witness matter they announced that they were going to "concentrate their efforts on the Province of Quebec" . . . In Montreal one of the leaders declared that "two months from now, probably before that, we shall undertake the distribution of our publications and periodicals in the streets of the city" . . . The door is open to religious libel . . . Now that the Witnesses have *carte blanche* it may be imagined that they will redouble their insults and defamatory declarations. What are we going to do to protect ourselves from them? The duty of the municipal and provincial authorities is to find a solution for this problem. Certainly no one dreams of preventing the Jehovah Witnesses from practising their religion. But we want them to stay within the framework of their religion . . . The impression prevails that the Witnesses of Jehovah cannot get to their heaven without recourse to hatred and persecution. That is no longer liberty: it is licence. To prevent Catholics from taking the law into their own hands it is important that the government turn the problem over to specialists to find a solution which will assure the Witnesses of Jehovah their total liberty. But no more than that.

Ottawa Citizen: It seems not to have occurred to many that the fate of the Greenlease boy was probably sealed when the Missouri legislature imposed the capital penalty for kidnapping for ransom. Knowledge of their risk may have decided the criminals to get rid of their victim. Experience in the century and a half since scores of offences were punishable by death sentences indicates that the scientific approach to the making and administration of law is more effective than the emotional.

The Printed Word: An advance notice to members of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce informed them that, following their four-day annual meeting, the CBC Trans-Canada network intended to broadcast a 15-minute programme built around events at the meeting. Two other mentions of the meeting were to be included on "News Roundup," a daily hodge-podge of reports from all parts of Canada.

Members of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which represents all types of Canadian business, may feel grateful that the CBC should feel moved to give their deliberations this much publicity. The air-time is valuable, but since Chamber members as a group probably pay the largest share of CBC's annual deficits, the cost of the time may be considered as a small acknowledgment of their enforced contributions.

If the CBC had had a hand in arranging the meetings and speakers, the publicity on the air might have been more lavish. The CBC has a lot to do with the annual conference of parlor pinks on the shores of Lake Couchiching. There the CBC treats the events of each day as something of world-shaking importance. Naturally, the majority of speakers are chosen for their ability to malign business and capitalism and advance Socialistic or Communistic points of view.

The Canadian Chamber of Commerce, representing only the point of view of business, may consider itself lucky to be given fifteen minutes once a year.

St. John's Telegram: We are in the era of commissions. We had a cost of living commission first. Then one on fisheries development. Then one to inquire into the Mental Hospital. Then one on agriculture. Then one on forestry. Soon we are to have one on wild life, and another on the fiscal position of the province.

With all these, one on education would hardly bankrupt us. Such a commission could be of more benefit than most of the others, provided we had the guts first of all to appoint one that would delve into the denominational aspect of the system instead of treating it as taboo (otherwise it would do exactly nothing), and then, the guts to act upon its recommendations. It is to be feared that we lack the guts to do either.

London Spectator: When you build a new town, you have first to put up accommodations for the builders to live in. A man I know, visiting the half-completed satellite community at A early one morning, saw the workmen who lived on the site being borne swiftly away in a convoy of coaches. Inquiries revealed that they were all going to work on another new town at B, 30 miles away.

This arrangement suited them well, since the journey there and back included their working day and they were paid for merely sitting in the coaches. Men living at B did the same thing, only the other way round.

Windsor Star: After surviving Britain's fogs and frosts for centuries, Westminster Abbey is deteriorating slowly under the assaults of London's fume-laden air. Masonry is being weakened by the corrosive effects of those noxious gases. Carvings are disappearing. A repair job costing in the neighborhood of $1,750,000 is required to save the historic structure. The money will be raised, and the 900-year-old abbey will be saved for the time being. Meanwhile Britons—and all those living in fume-polluted air everywhere—will have a chance to contemplate their own powers of resistance against that destroyer. When a piece of building stone retreats before the hidden enemy in the air, what chance has a pair of lungs?

Lago Mar

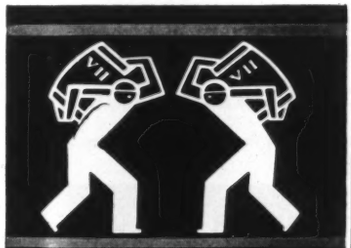
HOTEL AND APARTMENTS

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

A beautiful new resort on a secluded estate between the ocean and Mayan Lake . . . away from congested areas of downtown Fort Lauderdale. Fine private beach directly fronting the grounds (no roads intersect the property), two large pools with pool service, solarium, putting green, tennis courts, water skiing, boating and fishing. Beautifully furnished rooms and apartments, all with heating, air-conditioning and cross ventilation. Fine Dining Room, nightly dancing and entertainment in the cocktail lounge. Special programs for children.

Leo Molony, Owner
Kenneth Arnold, General Manager

New York Office: Robert F. Warner, Inc.
588 Fifth Avenue, JUdson 6-5500
also Chicago, Boston and Washington



JOHN JAMESON

★ ★ ★

WHISKEY

NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD

Every drop is matured at least 7 YEARS in oak casks.

Try John Jameson with water or soda — in a Whiskey Sour — or an Old Fashioned.

"IT'S DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT"

The Literary Life

Everybody Gets Into The Act

A LITERARY PHENOMENON that has not received its just deserts up to now is the Company Magazine. Being the recipient of dozens of them every month (the office secretary throws all the unclassified mail on to my desk, for some reason or another), I have made a thorough study of them, and am just dying to get my findings off my chest.

Company magazines can be divided into two categories: those printed primarily for a company's customers or clients, and those printed for the social and moral uplift of the employees. The ones falling into the latter category are the more interesting from a literary angle, and it is mainly these that I want to place under the microscope at this time.

Take *Jamesworth Jottings*, for instance, "published in the interests of good workmanship and good fellowship by the Jamesworth Pre-Heated Do-Nut Co." Personally, I've never eaten a pre-heated do-nut in my life, and never intend to, but I must admit that they publish an equally indigestible product in their employees' magazine. Over the past few months I've got to know a few of the contributors through their writings, namely Walter Gruslinger on the Shipping Floor, Marion Hartley in Front Office, Joan "Toots" Crymore who slaves in Bakeshop 2, and Gord "Tarzan" Thompson from the Mixing Room. Although each of the employees mentioned has been an inveterate contributor to *Jamesworth Jottings*, it took "Toots" Crymore to write the only lasting contribution to Canadian literature, in the form of a radio jingle now used by the company. It went:

Although there's doughnuts round about,
Jamesworth's are the best, no doubt;
They're nice and tasty—fluffy too,
For Jamesworth's are the best for you!

"Toots" got her picture in the magazine, along with Robert L. Jamesworth, the company president, for that one. Old Robert L. looks just like a doughnut company president, but "Toots" isn't bad looking for a jingle-writer.

One of the more interesting employee magazines is *Pipe Fittings*, written by and for "the big happy family at Peerless Pipe and Coupling". This magazine shuns any literary pretensions, and devotes itself mainly to monthly commentary on the employees, so that the reader has the strange feeling that he is peeking under their kitchen blinds. I've been following the domestic doings of the Peerless happy family for the past year, ever since the girls in Accounting presented Nellie Krabchik with a Mixmaster on the eve of her wedding. A couple of months ago Georgina Carberry, who writes the "Where Are They Now?" column for *Pipe Fittings*, reported that Nellie Zylevsky, née Krabchik, had given birth to a 7 lb. 8 oz. baby boy. As an appendage to this happy news she asked coyly, "Will he be a future employee of the Moulding Shop, Nellie?" If I were Nellie, I'd march right down there and slug her with the Mixmaster.

Incidentally, I'd like to report here and now a few of the highlights from some of my favorite company magazines, in case you missed them. The *Two Track*, employee periodical of the Washago, Port Dover and Annapolis Royal Railway, has signed up the following in its "Junior Railroader's Club": James Oliver Boyer (2) son of Arthur Boyer, extra gang foreman on the Thamesville subdivision; Ricky Lane (4), son of "Bill" Lane, lamp tender at Port Dover; and Clarisse Macdonald (7), daughter of Angus Macdonald, fireman on the Sydney division. *Electrons*, that go-getting little sheet brought out by the Ontario Heating Pad Co., reported last month that "Wilf" Maybee was way out in front in the five-pin bowling league with an aggregate score of 247 (nice going, Wilf!). There was also a photograph of Sam Rawleigh of Tool Crib with a five-pound bass he'd caught at Lake Opoomyling (didn't think you fished on those trips, Sam).

The Moonstone, twice-monthly publication of the Dorrance Manufacturing Co. Ltd., "All The Bolts The Traffic Will Bear", gave out the following information recently: Marjorie deHart, daughter of Fred deHart, drafting superintendent, recently married Harold Erlich, junior draftsman, while Dorothy Hamlin, Purchasing Office, was wed recently to Roy Dorrance, son of the Chairman of the Board. (There's a pair of sly opportunists for you.) The Dorrance Mixed Voice Quoir sang at the Dorrance-Hamlin affair, but there is no record of vocal offerings at the deHart wedding.

That splendid little magazine of the Canadian Manufacturer's Bank, *Six Percent*, reported in the current issue that Betty O'Hagen of Downtown Branch had been presented with a 17-jewel wristwatch for her bravery in foiling a hold-up man last January. A page of snapshots showed the following members of the staff on their summer vacations: Irving Pickles of Foreign Exchange vacationing with Mrs. Pickles at Lake-of-Bays; three of the "hello girls" from Main Office Switchboard gambolling on the beach at "a Georgian Bay resort" (although it looks as if the picture was taken in somebody's back yard); Penny Latimore, Small Loans, on the deck of a Saguenay steamer; and George Bonny-

Christmas Gifts
from
The English Shop

Distinctive Robes in fine Cashmeres and Silks
Direct from London. Monograms.

Beautiful Scarves in Exclusive Silk and Cashmere effects for Day or Evening Wear.

We are famous for our Exclusive Neckwear in Delightful Colorings and Designs direct from London and Paris.

We give special attention to personal and business lists for Christmas giving. All gifts beautifully boxed, wrapped and delivered or shipped at Christmas. Your early selection is advisable.

Stanley and Bosworth

Custom Tailors — Outfitters
Shirtmakers

98—100 West King Street
TORONTO
EMpire 4-2441 - 2442

THE Southward

Ocean-front Living
at Sensible Rates

A winter vacation in Florida needn't cost a small fortune. Enjoy the ocean-front SOUTHWARD Hotel at these low thrift-season rates—before February or after March—48 ocean-view, wing rooms just $12 daily for two. For full details see your Travel Agent or write direct to:

THE SOUTHWARD, Dept. S
505 Atlantic Boulevard
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

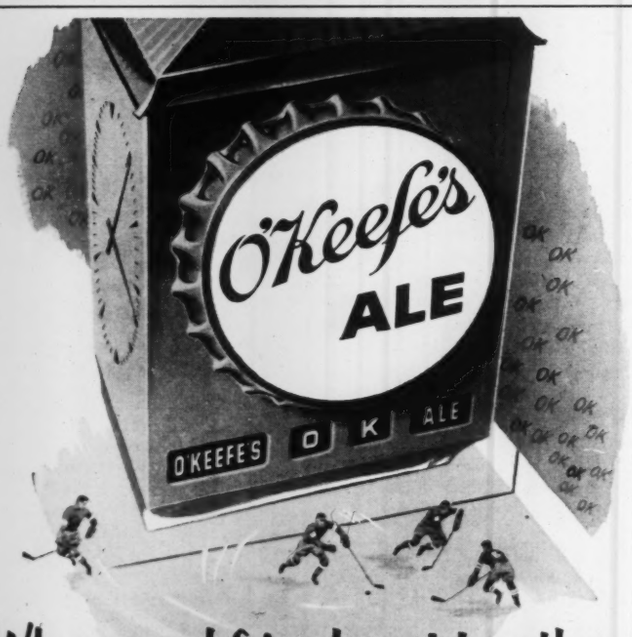
HOVERTA ROTOMATIC

by Hofer of Switzerland

A WATCH FOR A LIFETIME imported from Switzerland for men of discriminating taste who demand precision and superb design. A product of three generations of Swiss master-craftsmanship, featuring the unique 17-jewel *Rotomatic* movement that winds itself, and the new *Vimetal* mainspring, guaranteed to last a lifetime. Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, and unaffected by temperature variations—available in gold, chrome, and stainless steel, in a variety of sizes and designs.

On display now at your jeweller's

PH-2



When good friends get together they say O.K. for

O'Keefe's

NO FINER ALE WAS EVER BREWED A-54-1A

castle, Messengers, sitting on his back porch in his socks and undershirt holding aloft "a bottle of you-know-what!"

The Grab-Bag, published by the employees of Monarch Twine And Rope, contains a eulogy to the retiring president, Alex C. Cloy, who "had given unstintingly of his services to the company for the past 23 years." It is written in poesy form by Miss Loretta "Pat" Druid, Employees' Cafeteria, and goes as follows:

Au Revoir

"The boss has gone!" we all did cry
When the news it did come to us,
"Our friend has left," we heaved a sigh
"But he'll return 'home' by and by
With no bother and no fuss.
We sure will miss you, Mr Cloy
And tho' you'll never know it,
We'll all be 'pulling' for our boy
The Boss, our Chief, a man of grit!"

In the photograph accompanying Miss Druid's "poem", Mr. Cloy looks as if he was chewing a persimmon, which is understandable under the circumstances.

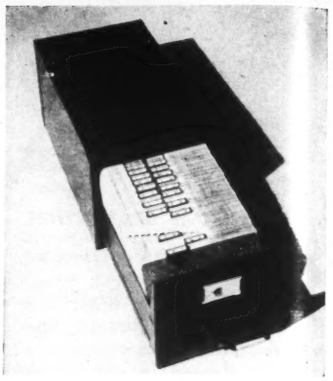
I see by the *Pincushion,* company organ of the I. P. Paterson Knitting Mills, that the Co-op Club held its annual "shuffle" at the Sheldrake Hotel a week or two ago. Robert "Bob" Suncliffe, Machine Shop, was paying ardent court to Elizabeth "Don't-call-me-Liz!" Johnston, Third Floor Weavers, while the "fine three-piece orchestra was under the capable baton of Roger Crinkley, Receiving Shed." The Morton Bulb Co.'s *Lamplighter* contained a long article on Credit Unions by B. B. "Bee-Bee" Hollingsworth, Filament Division, and many "get-well" notices to Darleen Zettinger, who was recovering at home from an attack of ptomaine poisoning, contracted at the last office bridge party. The first Shipping Dept. Euchre & Bingo of the season made $14.85 for "the platform boys", and a postcard was received from "that lucky stiff" George Grierson, who was "lying under the palms at Palm Beach".

A young lady by the name of Babs Mandell, Pay Office, wrote an essay about her recent trip to Quebec in the August issue of *The Mixer,* Central Cement's literary monthly. Her English wasn't too bad, but her French (which she insisted on using) was atrocious. She had a disconcerting habit of garbling things in French, then translating them into English as she went along.

I wish I could share with you the intra-mural jokes from *The Flit Gun,* the nature notes (by Joe Small, Mailing Room) in *The Gear Box,* or Peg Cloverly's "Chit-Chat" column from the current issue of *Skin-Tight,* the Benchley Sausage Co.'s monthly magazine, but we're running out of space.

In closing, let me say that I realize the amount of work that goes into employee magazines, and that I admire those stalwarts who put them out. We had one in our corporation for a while last year, but it didn't last. The editor once asked me if I had anything to say about a recent illness I'd had. I told her that I'd undergone a hysterectomy. Perhaps that was what helped to put the magazine out of business.

HUGH GARNER



1954

. . . a more productive year lies ahead for you, when your office is equipped with the tools it needs to do a better job.

Right now is the time to order new transfer cases, filing systems and supplies or filing cabinets—and don't overlook the replacing of worn out desks and chairs! Simply by contacting the nearest branch of Office Specialty, you can have the experienced help of a courteous Office Specialty representative.

He will be happy to help you plan for the busy year ahead.

THE OFFICE SPECIALTY *Manufacturing Co. Limited*

Branches Coast to Coast

Head Office and Factories

NEWMARKET ONT.

GUARANTEED

A weather insured, pleasure insured vacation

HOTEL Virgin isle

ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS

See your travel agent or N. Y. Office: 730 5th Ave. PLaza 7-5253

Music

Popular Morality and Good Taste

JUST WHEN WE THINK that popular songs are beginning to use sensible lyrics, the Wheel of Existence suffers another blow-out, and once more we are upside down in the ditch.

I suppose the main difficulty is that we think that we ourselves, by our own unaided efforts, choose the songs which reach the Hit Parades and similar expressions of supposed public opinion. I do not believe this for one moment. These things are forced on us, like a conjurer's card. Otherwise, why did *Doggie in the Window* blanket the countryside like a fog in spite of united opposition? Every time some practical joker played it on a juke-box, it was greeted with a groan of execration. Every disc-jockey in the land cursed it every time he played it. Those radio programs which are devoted to playing the Ten Top Tunes nearly decided to go off the air so long as that song continued. And still it persisted; still it was reported as well-beloved. Admittedly, Mackenzie King used to be mentioned in conversation with smiles of derision, while at the same time he was returned to Parliament with ever-increasing majorities. But I do not believe that Canadians make it a fixed policy to hurt the ones they love. Besides, nobody loved that *Doggie in the Window*.

We are now in the midst of another wave of nauseating lyrics. The energy and wit of *Seven Lonely Days* (apart from its middle section) gave way to the filleted murmurs of *Vaya Con Dios*. Show numbers are usually around in sufficient quantity to stiffen things up, but the new Cole Porter show numbers do not strike me as being up to his usual standard.

The *Wild Horses* (the tune was stolen from Schumann) have galloped away, and their place is taken by the sentimental baying of *You, You, You*. I do not believe that these things are entirely matters of public preference; nobody in his senses could prefer the lyrics of *Hot Canary* to any of the dozens of sets of words to that particular tune. The only thing to be said for these numbers is that they are new, and even this is something that cannot be said for long.

Disguised as a teen-ager, I have often frequented soda-fountains, greasy spoons and other favorite rendezvous of the Crewcut-and-Kinsey set. I must admit that I have rarely heard anybody object to a popular song on the grounds that it was bad, except when it was described as bad because it was out-of-date. I do not accept the calendar as a standard of musical taste. Some of these numbers were good when they were new, and are still good —*Begin the Beguine*, for instance. On the other hand, the horrors of some of the others cannot possibly be mitigated by novelty.

A striking exhibit in this class is *I'm Walking Behind You*. Nobody with the smallest sense of humor could see in these lyrics anything but a veiled threat. The picture is not one of lifelong fidelity (to another man's wife, observe) but rather a gun muzzle in the kidneys. Luckily, I heard somebody sing the end of this song in this version:

Look over your shoulder,
You'll see your behind.

Since then, I have taken it calmly, and even enjoyably.

I should not like to suggest, however, that this sort of thing is new. We often hear how much better the Good Old Songs were than all this Modern Trash. We might believe this if the Good Old Songs were not there to rise up and confound their supporters. As usual, some of them are fine. But we have to go a long way to equal *Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow*, as sung by a grown woman in full possession of her faculties and attributes.

At the moment, there is a tendency for popular songs to moralize. *With These Hands*, and *I Believe* have recently been surpassed by *Crying in the Chapel*. It is never my idea that music should be suppressed by forcible means, but I feel very strongly that these waves of religiosity should be repelled by the good taste of the prospective listeners.

It is certainly very true that morals should not be cooped up in church; in fact, we could do without them in church, if we provided them everywhere else, instead of vice versa, as at present. All the same, I think we should make it clear that these songs do not seem to be written for any other purpose than to become commercial successes. The closeness with which they follow the accepted formulae is one way of estimating this; another way, which is much more subjective, is their uniformly blurry, muzzy, non-sectarian tone. Contrast *Crying in the Chapel* with a real religious song, written from the heart of a man:

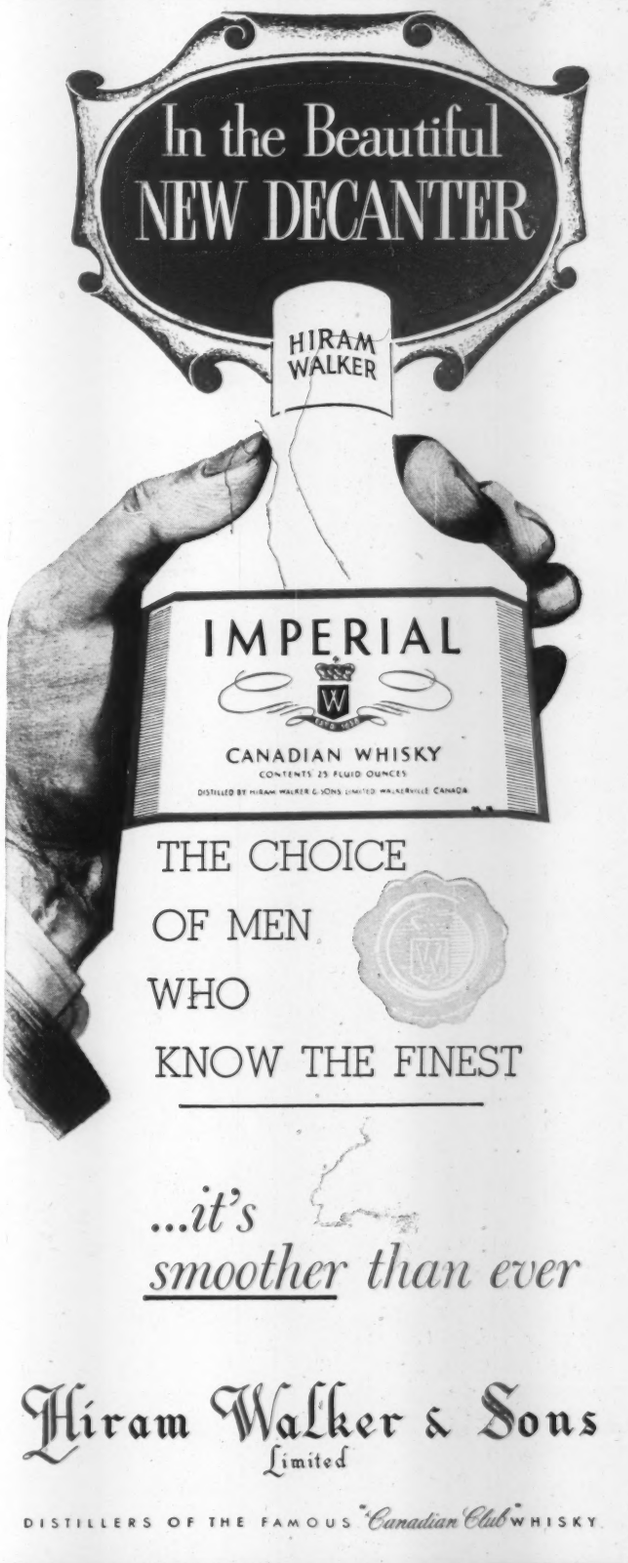
He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master!

There, if you like, is a popular musical expression of the great Christian virtues. Popular, liked by all, but in neither the words nor the tune does it fit into the Tin-Pan angel-food mould. It is the marching song of a brave soul, and cannot possibly be made into the accompaniment for the drowsy, amorous lockstep that many people like to think is dancing. Bunyan's hymn is three hundred years old. Its language is out-of-date, but any time now we could do with a modern expression of the same sentiments. Such a song is written from the heart and goes to the heart. The kind we are now enduring is written from the pocket book and goes to the tear-ducts.

Some ministers have complained about this song. I think they were right to do so, providing they were trying by their objections to influence taste rather than to impose censorship. The complaints cannot have had much effect, since the song continues unabated. I contrast this with the effect of the clerical campaign which, I understand, was responsible for altering the name of the operation eliminating 25-cycle electricity in Ontario from the Conversion to the Change-Over. This was a mere quibble over a word, of the kind which brings the clergy into disrepute. The objection to *Crying in the Chapel* was an effort to remind us that all worthwhile religions are built on rocks, not on maple syrup.

But these things go in waves, and with luck we may soon be hearing lyrics that can be recited without derision. I had better stop, because I cannot keep calm while hearing these money-grubbing imbecilities.

LISTER SINCLAIR



Cherry Heering

Denmark's liqueur delight since 1818

All your guests will enjoy it — anytime!

WE'LL SEND YOU

Bermuda's Story

FREE→

The beautiful 16-page booklet, "Bermuda Welcomes You," tells in brilliant full-colour photographs the story of delightful Bermuda – the lovely Islands where your happiest vacation awaits you. And in "Where To Live In Bermuda" you'll find the hotel or guest house where you will enjoy to perfection Bermuda's serene, unhurried life. Write for your free copy of each today.

YOU CAN GO quickly by plane . . . or leisurely by ocean liner. Your Travel Agent can make complete arrangements for your Bermuda vacation – at no cost to you.

THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD
Dept. S, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario

Please send me, without charge, "Bermuda Welcomes You" and "Where To Live In Bermuda."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Prov._____

Films

Safari With Ava

EVERYBODY seems to be turning up in Africa these days, so it was no surprise to find Ava Gardner showing up in *Mogambo* on a one-woman safari, hot on the trail of a fleeing Maharaja. By the time she arrives, however, the Maharaja has disappeared into the underbrush. This doesn't bother Ava, however — she has already sighted Clark Gable whom she recognizes on sight as a boa-constrictor on two legs. (This is Ava's description, but he looked to me like the same old Clark Gable I've been watching for the last twenty years.) Clark Gable, however, is on the trail of Grace Kelly, and a black panther is lying in wait for Grace Kelly. Mr. Gable rescues Miss Kelly from the panther, but there is no one to rescue Miss Kelly from Mr. Gable. No one, that is, except Ava Gardner. Ava is the girl to watch.

She is worth watching, too, especially that evening at dinner when she turns up in a strapless white organza. In spite of Ava's get-up, however, the men have eyes for nobody but Miss Kelly, in blue chiffon with a matching stole. This annoys Ava, so she takes to drinking and distributing innuendoes. Her method of distributing innuendoes is to swing them round three or four times, using both hands, and then let fly in all directions. Eventually this breaks up the party.

Next day everybody goes gorilla-hunting. By this time poor Grace Kelly is hopelessly in the coils of old boa-constrictor Clark Gable, and everyone knows about it except Miss Kelly's husband. She says he must be told, but Mr. Gable, who thinks nothing of facing a charging gorilla ("You can always bluff a charging gorilla"), can't seem to nerve himself for the interview. Instead he goes off and gets tight with Ava. Grace Kelly comes rushing into the tent at this point, for, in *Mogambo*, ladies and leopards are always charging through the tents and as a rule the ladies are a lot wilder than the leopards. When she sees what is going on with Ava, she takes a shot at Clark Gable. This brings the husband on the run, but Ava manages to straighten everything out. (You can always bluff a charging husband.) In the end Ava completes her safari triumphantly by bagging Clark Gable.

In addition to the gorillas and leopards, *Mogambo* includes the usual African quota of elephants, giraffes, water buffalo, wildebeestes, and secretary-birds. They all seemed very much at home and relatively undisturbed by what was going on. So did Ava Gardner and Clark Gable.

In *Torch Song* we have the usually amiable Joan Crawford as a musical comedy star with a perfectly horrible temper. When her rehearsal pianist walks out on her in a huff, her manager hires a handsome blind musician (Michael Wilding) with Seeing-Eye dog. Joan promptly fires the musician and sneers at his Seeing-Eye dog. This doesn't bother the new pianist, however, because he has picked up a knowledge of psychiatry, possibly at the movies, and recognizes that her peculiar behavior springs from the jarring of her defence mechanisms.

After that, it is just a matter of waiting till the defence mechanisms collapse under the slow but irresistible advance of love. It is a very handsome Technicolor production, and if the story doesn't treat the star very sympathetically, the camera could hardly be more flattering. Working on her from every possible angle, it proves once more that structurally, at any rate, she is still one of the wonders of the screen.

The Captain's Paradise presents Alec Guinness in a comedy ingeniously adapted to the star's special talents. He is cast here as a ship's captain who has discovered that the secret of a happy life is simply a carefully calculated bigamy. Wife No. 1 (Celia Johnson) who lives in Gibraltar, is domestic in her tastes and loves to cook him rissoles and serve him hot cocoa at bedtime (10 o'clock sharp). Wife No. 2 (Yvonne de Carlo), who lives in Morocco, is a dashing Latin who keeps him dancing all night long. Thus he enjoys furious recreation on one side of the Mediterranean and complete relaxation on the other. Eventually, of course, he gets his signals crossed and presents Wife No. 1 with a Bikini bathing suit and Wife No. 2 with a bungalow apron. This so demoralizes the ladies that the domestic wife takes to jitterbugging and the dancing wife to frying rissoles.

Meanwhile the Captain continues to ferry back and forth across the Mediterranean, for by this time he is in a rut, and presently so is the story; the life of a commuter, no matter how oddly motivated, is bound to be repetitious. Along towards the end I got the feeling that the screen-author had simply abandoned the whole enterprise, leaving Captain Guinness to get out of his difficulties the best way he could.

Stalag 17 is the film version of the stage play whose authors, Donald Bevan and Edward Trzcinski, used as source material their own enforced stay in the original Stalag 17 at Krems, Austria. While they have obviously made use of actual experience, the film as a whole seems a good deal closer to Hollywood via Broadway than to Krems, Austria. It is fast, rowdy and expert; and while the characters are too stereotyped to evoke sympathy, they do create considerable suspense.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

Foreign Affairs

Street Battle In Trieste

TRIESTE: AS I BOARDED the train in Rome, newsboys were crying, "Two Dead in Trieste, Police Fire on Patriots." Just as dinner finished the news reached us that the train couldn't go into Trieste, as there was a general strike there. In the morning, at Monfalcone, I rushed out of the station and managed to share a taxi with a *Life* photographer and a *Reuters* man. There wasn't a sign of trouble on the 20-mile drive to Trieste—which is one of the most beautiful in Europe—and not much sign of life either. We checked into the Excelsior.

Over breakfast I read the local paper on "one of the most dramatic days in the history of Trieste," in which the police had invaded a church and fired on a crowd outside. Going down to see the British and American information people in Allied Military Government, it seemed that this was "where I had come in"; I had been in the same offices in just as troubled circumstances seven long years ago. They admitted that anything might happen, and as I stepped out into the street a policeman holding a carbine brushed past me, and I ran into the biggest street battle I have seen since Dollfuss was assassinated in Vienna in 1934.

Just around the corner and fifty yards up the street a close-packed mob was cheering a young man climbing up a rope which had been thrown over a flagpole. A great roar went up when he reached the second floor ledge, caught a club that was tossed up to him and began to batter in the shutters. It was the office of the Independence Front, which urges Free City status for Trieste and is hated by the ultra-Nationalist Italians.

The young man broke in, and several others followed him up the rope. First they threw out all the chairs, which were immediately torn to pieces to make clubs. Then came a big banner, which was set on fire, and on the fire were tossed the propaganda leaflets of the organization, its files, and its filing cases. Then, to a great roar from the crowd, the desks came crashing down. They too were thrown on the fire, which by this time filled half the street. The youths in the crowd were getting wilder and wilder, and there was a real danger that they would set fire to the office and burn the whole building, from every window and balcony of which anxious people were peering down.

Would the police do nothing? All this time a dozen or so, with carbines slung over their shoulders, had stood with their backs against the Allied Military Government building, at the corner, looking on and looking very miserable. Suddenly a score or two of youths broke from the edge of the mob and fled up a side street and the whole great mass of curious people around the intersection and filling the adjacent streets ran for cover like scared deer. A platoon of armed police came marching around the corner, looking in their helmets and dark blue uniforms for all the world like London bobbies.

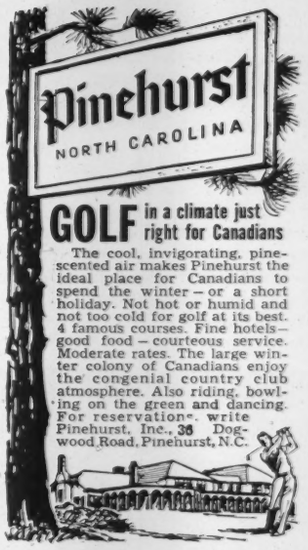
They didn't act like London bobbies. Never have I seen a less resolute body of men. Their march became a shuffle, and died to a halt, all within a matter of yards, though other squads were coming up behind them. They stopped in the middle of the intersection, and demonstrators ran up to them gesticulating and haranguing them not to go any further. The police listened to them, and argued with them. The mob, seeing the police hesitate, started to come towards them with clubs raised menacingly. Then those who had harangued the police into stopping, turned and harangued the mob into leaving them alone.

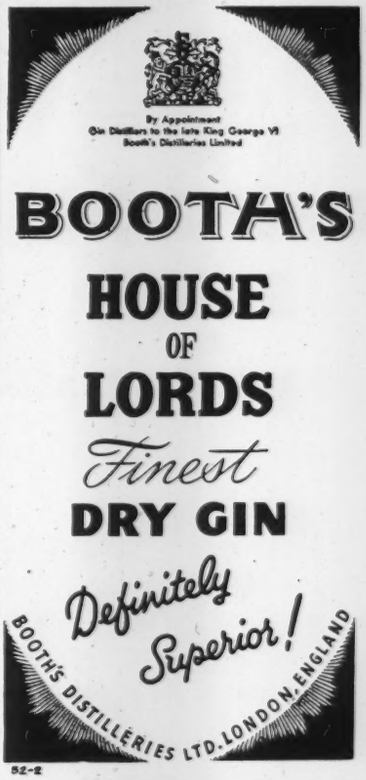
Of a sudden, the mob struck up the old fascist youth marching song *Giovanezza* and started down the street towards where I was standing, at the intersection. They went right by, singing, and waving their clubs at the police, who had backed a little way off. I looked over the demonstrators closely; they were mostly between 17 and 25, a sport-shirted, leather-jacketed lot, some of them toughs, but many who could have been your boy or mine, out on a wild university spree.

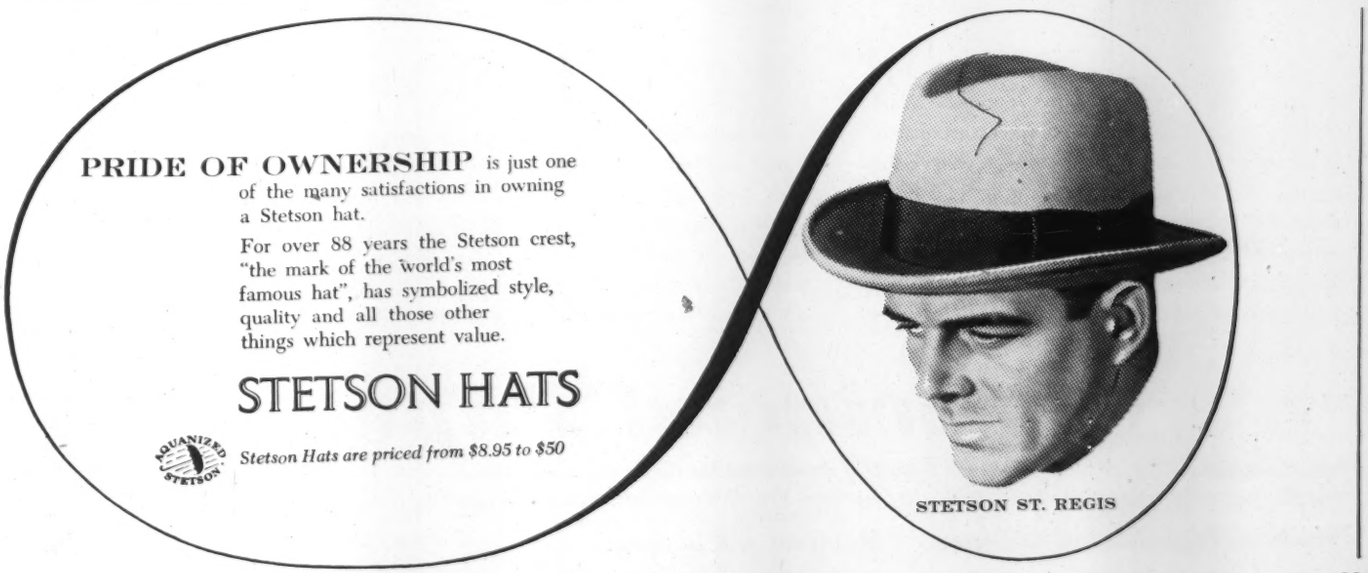
They were headed towards the police headquarters in the big square, the Piazza Unita, which opens on the waterfront, is about the size of the Piazza San Marco in Venice, and is always the main centre of demonstrations. After watching a fire truck take care of the blaze, I followed, and got into the first clash of the day. It was in a small square leading into the big one; suddenly a police jeep roared in, scattering the crowd and throwing out three or four tear-gas bombs, which burst with a small explosion. It was my first experience with tear-gas and it wasn't pleasant.

When I could see again, in perhaps three or four minutes, I went down to the waterfront, which was only a block or so distant, to come around to the big square from the other side. This was a happy accident that took me out of the line of fire, while giving me a view of almost everything that happened. Squads of police were standing about in the middle of the square and police jeeps, from which tear gas bombs were being tossed, were roaring around the far side. But there was a brisk breeze to clear the fumes, and soon the rioters, coming in from the far corners, were advancing in a thin line, hurling stones about the size of baseballs.

The police retreated, some of them throwing back the stones, to take cover behind their trucks, which were out in the square. From there they retreated right under the portico of their prefecture, and the mob with a great shout, rushed for the trucks,


Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
GOLF in a climate just right for Canadians
The cool, invigorating, pine-scented air makes Pinehurst the ideal place for Canadians to spend the winter – or a short holiday. Not hot or humid and not too cold for golf at its best. 4 famous courses. Fine hotels – good food – courteous service. Moderate rates. The large winter colony of Canadians enjoy the congenial country club atmosphere. Also riding, bowling on the green and dancing. For reservations, write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N.C.




PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP is just one of the many satisfactions in owning a Stetson hat.
For over 88 years the Stetson crest, "the mark of the world's most famous hat", has symbolized style, quality and all those other things which represent value.
STETSON HATS
AQUANIZED STETSON
Stetson Hats are priced from $8.95 to $50
STETSON ST. REGIS

obviously to overturn them and burn them. A bit of this had been going on all morning, in various parts of the city. One of the vehicles burned was a police jeep, and a rioter holding a rifle seized from this jeep was leading the attack. How many other rioters had firearms is not known, but it is thought a considerable number; others carried hand grenades.

At this instant the police opened fire. Their first round was fired into the air; two correspondents I know were standing on the roof of the Lloyd Triestino building across the square, and bullets whistled around them. One of the rioters then threw a hand grenade. The exact timing can be established, because the *Life* photographer was standing by a lamppost almost in front of the entrance to the prefecture, and was knocked down by the rush of youths in the forefront of the attack to get away. This was probably lucky for him, as the hand grenade exploded behind him at this instant; later in the day he found a chunk of the fuse in the lining of his trenchcoat.

Now the police fired directly at the mob, and especially at the rioter with the police carbine. I saw a number of demonstrators fall, and the *Life* man said bullets were spattering all around him as he sprinted the full length of the square. The volleys of rifle fire, smacking against the buildings across the square were quite terrifying, and sent the huge crowd of curious people along the waterfront scattering like leaves in a high wind. It was such a familiar sight that you could hardly realize that you were in it, instead of seeing it in a movie. I took refuge behind a thick lamppost.

But curiosity seemed to be stronger than fear. Always the crowd came back around the corners; the motor-scooters and cars circulated again. Within two or three minutes after the big round of firing stopped they were going along the waterfront, right past the police building; within five minutes I saw a man with a child on the handlebars and his wife up behind on his scooter pass by the scene of the shooting, with the police standing in their doorway with nervous trigger fingers. These onlookers seemed to me to outnumber the active rioters by at least ten to one throughout the day. At this time, too, I noticed a man sailing a yawl back and forth within a few feet of the quay, and within 100 yards of the shooting.

Now was the critical moment. The police had lost their nerve, had retreated before the rioters, fired on them heavily, and were now cowering in the doorway of the prefecture, peering out. They had clearly lost all control of the situation, and actually needed protection themselves from the growing fury of the mob. I could see the dilemma the authorities would be in as soon as they had a clear report on what had happened. If they sent troops to protect the armed police, the prestige of the police would be completely undermined and they would be finished as a force. But unless something was done quickly, more terrible things might ensue.

At this very moment came a sound which calmed the crowd of onlookers and could have ended the whole thing at any time: the deep, powerful rumble of heavy military vehicles. *"Inglesi!"* muttered the crowd, and some whistled at the British troops driving by. From talking with them I knew that they were down on the British because a Briton is chief of the Trieste police force and half a dozen of its senior officers are British. Also, the British commander in Trieste, General Winterton, had pulled the Italian flag down from the local city hall—though thousands of Italian flags were draped on windows throughout the city. And the British had entertained Tito in Buckingham Palace.

"Americani" came next, to approving sounds from the crowd around me. I never heard a word against the Americans all day. The trouble should now have been over. But where were the troops posted? To guard only places the mob had made no move to attack: Allied Military Government headquarters, the American Hangar Club on the waterfront, the British quarters in one half of my hotel, and the like. There was still no intervention at the heart of the trouble, the police building in the big square. However, things were quiet, except for the ambulances tearing about, and I slipped into the hotel to make a few notes. Within five minutes there was more sound of shooting, and a great crowd came tearing wildly down the waterfront, some of them running right into the hotel.

I went out and made a full swing around town, including the church

Great Type Designers of the World . . .

GIAMBATTISTA BODONI: 1740 - 1813

"the king of typographers . . the typographer of kings"

Adria, Città antica d' Italia, che diede il nome al Golfo Adriati.

Adria, ville ancien. qui a donnè le nom au Golfe Adriatiq.

Specimen of Bodoni's original roman

Giambattista Bodoni was one of the few type designers who was thoroughly appreciated and universally admired during his life. Born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, he was appointed typographer to the court of the Duchy of Parma at the age of twenty-eight. At the height of his fame he was receiving retaining fees from Charles IV of Spain, the Viceroy of Italy and Napoleon Bonaparte. He was immensely proud of a congratulatory letter from Benjamin Franklin, whom he apparently imagined to be President of the United States!

Bodoni's influence on typography has been profound and widespread. His sharp, steely letters with their dramatic contrast of thick and thin strokes have become increasingly popular—and increasingly practical—with the development of modern coated papers. *The headings on this page are set in Bodoni Bold, the text in Bodoni Book.*

Provincial Papers

Provincial coated and uncoated fine papers are products of the same striving for the best in appearance and performance which has characterized the work of the Great Type Designers down through the ages.

Provincial Paper Limited • *Toronto* • *Montreal* • *Winnipeg*

outside of which two people had been killed the night before. Little altars of flowers had been set up where they had fallen, and people were kneeling there, praying. I retraced the original route of the mob, and just as I reached the top end of the big square heard the end of what had apparently been another big burst of shooting. The piazza was deserted, though crowds were peering around every corner. Not a policeman was in sight; they had gone in and closed the doors. I learned afterwards that a hand grenade had been tossed right into the doorway of the prefecture, seriously injuring three policemen. (Fifty others were treated for minor wounds.)

That settled it, and within minutes a column of American trucks and jeeps roared up and unloaded in front of the police building, to the evident satisfaction of the onlookers, who immediately pressed into the big square to see the show. By this time, too, there was a destroyer steaming back and forth close in shore. A lot of good that was.

The British would like to pull out and let the Italians protect themselves from the "Yugos." British authorities make no secret of their belief that it is all the work of neo-fascists, and say they turned back no fewer than 2700 potential trouble-makers from other parts of Italy who tried to come here in special buses the day before the big trouble began.

The rioters may have been, and probably were, led by imported bully boys. But the riots here have only been possible on such a scale and with such an intensity of feeling because the demonstrators know that all Italy supports them fervently. You had only to see them grab for the Milan paper, the first one to arrive after the big shoot, to see what "Mother Italy" was saying about it to realize this. The fact is that all Italy has gone on an emotional binge over Trieste, since the Allied declaration of October 8 that the city would be turned back into Italian hands.

In the Foreign Office, the day I left Rome, a high official who is known to be close to Premier Pella went so far as to question the value of NATO to Italy if it wouldn't support her on this, and to say that Italy could not join the European Army until this was settled, as she would need to have free disposition of her troops. He went further, and was busy disparaging the fighting qualities of the Yugoslav Army, when I asked him if Italy were prepared to commit suicide for Trieste. Did it really matter more than all other national considerations that Italy regain Trieste at once?

He sputtered over that, but thought that it couldn't come to war, though he admitted that the Yugoslavs were undoubtedly worried over a repetition of 1919 and 1941. In the former year the Italians used Trieste as a base to seize Fiume, and in the latter, as a base to invade Yugoslavia. After I left him, I had not walked a block before I saw chalk inscriptions *Viva Trieste! Viva Fiume! Viva Pola! Viva Zara! Morte Tito!*

Trieste is Italian. It isn't worth discussing that point; but it isn't going to be easy to hand it back to Italy. And, whatever the rioters here wanted—if they knew—there wasn't a single one among the onlookers of whom I asked the question, who wanted the Allied troops to leave just yet. There was a regular panic here after October 8, when Tito threatened to march in if the Italians did. The people of Trieste haven't forgotten the forty days of terror in 1945 when the Yugos occupied the city and paid off old scores.

WILLSON WOODSIDE

As Wave and Tree

Waves rise and run
Awhile, under the sun,
Jade green or grey,
Or crested bright with spray,
And to the tide
Returning, sink and glide,
Or charge the shore
And break with trampling roar.

The twisted tree,
Patterned in agony
Against night sky—
Compelled before it die
To form and line,
And intricate design—
Beneath the strife
Is rooted deep in life.

As tree and wave
Know neither death nor grave,
So must it be
With you, now lost to me,
Who, even as they,
Served beauty for a day.

GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

travel
HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!
ONCE IT WAS WEEKS, then days — now it's only hours as distances disappear in the air. Family and friends, wherever they may be, are frequently as near as today, at most, tomorrow.
Yes, Canada is all yours in hours — through air travel. And as this great new industry of air transportation expands, TCA continues to play its leading part. Planes, 'planes and people — in ever increasing numbers — are TCA's answer to the growing needs of a busy and progressive nation for fast, comfortable and dependable air travel.
Next time you travel, fly TCA.
TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT AIRLINES
Serving Canadians from coast to coast . . . important U.S. cities . . . Mexico . . . Britain and Europe . . . Bermuda, Nassau and the Caribbean.

Mix it in those proportions! 2/3 Gin and 1/3 Votrix

For Manhattans

2/3 Whisky and 1/3 Votrix

VOTRIX
VERMOUTH
Sweet or Dry
IMPORTED
ITALIAN TYPE
FRENCH TYPE

Ottawa Letter

The President and the Throne Speech

THE NEW FEDERAL PARLIAMENT began its first session in an atmosphere of good humor generated by the visit of President Eisenhower and the pleasant social functions connected with it. Both the floor and the galleries of the Commons' chamber were densely packed when the President addressed a joint session of both Houses and he was listened to with rapt attention.

There radiates from Eisenhower, who has his winning smile constantly on tap, an air of jollity and friendliness, which makes it intelligible how he captivated such a large majority of the voters of the United States during the last election. He is obviously as great a virtuoso in the art of public relations as our own Prime Minister, and has already acquired the equipoise of a veteran politician. His speech fell far short of being a model of parliamentary eloquence as it was delivered in the rather sharp staccato tones of a man, who was accustomed to command rather than to persuade, but he said the right things in felicitous phrases.

Inevitably the main ingredients of his speech were a smooth eulogy of the virtues and achievements of the Canadian people, supplemented by a bright prognosis of ever-increasing prosperity for such a "mighty reservoir of resources"; he gave a dissertation, too, upon the blessings of what he called "the Canadian-American partnership," which in his view neither moth nor dust could corrupt.

It was noted that he qualified his encouraging pronouncement about the necessity of removing barriers to international trade with reservations about the dangers of hasty action for this purpose. His declaration that the construction of the St. Lawrence Waterway now found favor both with his Cabinet and the National Security Council of the United States, and that "its joint use and development" were "inevitable," seemed on the surface a firm commitment about American cooperation in the project; but Canadian supporters of the Seaway realize that they must call a halt to immediate progress with the all-Canadian scheme until Mr. Eisenhower is given time to overcome the hostile forces in Congress. They are dubious about his success in this enterprise. However, he left in Ottawa the impression of a singularly attractive personality and did something to allay fears, which had been growing, that he was going to be the same sort of President as William Howard Taft, who was once described as "a likable, well-meaning statesman, surrounded by gentlemen who know exactly what they want and get it."

The establishment of a joint committee of Canadian and American Ministers for the periodical examination of trade and other economic problems of mutual interest shows that we have travelled far from the days of 1911, when the Conservative Party was able to win a general election comfortably with the slogan, "No truck or trade with the Yankees." Its work will parallel the activities of what is known as "the Anglo-Canadian continuing committee," which meets at intervals for similar discussions. But the participants in the latter discussion have been trade and financial experts and not Ministers, and it remains to be seen whether the new committee will function continually at the Ministerial level.

The Speech from the Throne outlined a comparatively modest program of legislation. Its two most important items, the revisions of the Bank Act and the Criminal Code, are not controversial in a partisan sense.

International
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER

When the last revision of the Bank Act was undertaken, two redoubtable monetary reformers of the Liberal faith, G. G. McGeer and Arthur Slaght, KC, caused the banks considerable worry by their ferocious onslaughts on the existing banking system, but both have vanished from Ottawa, and, while the Social Credit members can be relied upon to advocate their pet panacea for the economic and financial problems of the world, the lack of enthusiasm on the part of Premier Manning and other brethren in the faith for taking any practical steps to apply the principles of Social Credit in Alberta, will relieve the banks of any anxiety lest Parliament should be converted by the Social Crediters to the need for serious alterations in the present banking system.

The Speech was silent upon some matters which it was expected to mention, notably the reform of the procedure of the House of Commons and an increase in the remuneration of both Ministers and private members. It may well be that the Government has not made up its mind on either subject. There was also only an oblique reference to tariff policy, despite the fact that the Government is deep in negotiations with Japan about a new trade treaty and a departmental committee is engaged in study of the claims of textile and other industrial interests that they are being grievously penalised by the unfair dumping of foreign goods in this country.

THE DEATH of Gordon Graydon, who acted as deputy leader of the Conservative Party in the last two Parliaments, posed Mr. Drew with a very awkward problem in regard to his successor. Mr. Drew has chosen Earl Rowe.

Mr. Rowe, having sat in the House of Commons without interruption since 1925, is a veteran politician who is a special authority upon agricultural problems, and he is deservedly popular with all parties in the House. Since he was a member of the Bennett Cabinet in its dying days, he is also his party's senior Privy Councillor, and, as justification for his selection, Mr. Drew can urge the claims of both seniority and experience.

Mr. Rowe's heavy business commitments as President of the Great Lakes Paper Co., however, have made his attendances at Ottawa in recent sessions irregular, and he is also regarded as a spokesman of the "big business" interests of Toronto. An element of the younger members of the Conservative Party would have preferred the selection of John Diefenbaker on the grounds that he is a first-class debater who is free to concentrate upon parliamentary work, that his success as a vote-getter demonstrated that he has a large personal following in the country, and that, being a westerner, his promotion to the deputy-leadership would have helped to remove the impression that the Conservative Party is controlled in Toronto.

A parallel difficulty has arisen in connection with the national chairmanship of the Conservative party which George Knowlan, MP, is giving up. Among the younger members of the party there is considerable support for the claims of George Hees, MP, for this post. After three years in Parliament, Mr. Hees has become one of the rising hopes of his party and during the recent election no other Conservative member, apart from Mr. Drew, was in such demand as a speaker. But some influential senior members of the party think Mr. Hees is too young and inexperienced for this post and others regard him as dangerously radical in his views.

Efforts are being made to persuade Murdo Macpherson, KC, of Regina, formerly Attorney-General of Saskatchewan, to resume political activities as the chairman of his party's organization. For this post the marked abilities and personal popularity of Mr. Macpherson give him admirable qualifications and there could be no better choice for it, but it is understood that he is indisposed to abandon his lucrative law practice. If he persists in this decision, the chairmanship may be entrusted to Mr. Rowe.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Sports

This Was Grey Cup Day

YOU WILL read this on the eve of Saturday, November 28—a fateful moment in the lives of the staffs of the Royal York and King Edward Hotels in Toronto. Another Grey Cup football game will be played in University of Toronto Stadium and will be re-played in the lobbies and corridors of the Royal York and King Edward.

If there is any group of humans who prays fervently that the Grey Cup Game some day will be moved to Vancouver, it is the staffs of these same two Toronto hostelries. Today, the walls of the hotels are bulging and, in the case of the Royal York, irate tycoons will be threatening to ship $8 million of freight by Canadian National unless they are provided with suites immediately. Deprived of all the freight which has been turned down by these assistant managers in the past 13 years, the Canadian Pacific should have been bankrupt by 1948.

On many occasions in the past month — while touring the West in behalf of SATURDAY NIGHT—your correspondent has sat around while fellow-veterans of these Battles of the Royal York have exhibited their scars and exchanged wonderful lies. Saturday Night, undoubtedly, another chapter will be added to the legend by those gentlemen who go along for the laughs.

Football championship games between the East and the West were played back in the Twenties but, as far as the average Westerner is concerned, these games really weren't played until 1935. It was in 1935 that the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, quoted at unflattering odds as high as 6 to 1, travelled to Hamilton to meet the mighty Tigers.

Some years passed before the good citizens of Hamilton recovered from that afternoon. On one of the first plays of the game, Bert Oja, an authentic All-American from Minnesota, put Huck Welch, the Hamilton punter out of the game with a shattering tackle. From that point, little Melvin "Fritz" Hanson, from Perham, Minnesota, took charge.

Winnipeg won, 18-12, and bearded critics still insist that Hanson's performance was the best seen in any modern Grey Cup final.

In 1936, the Eastern-dominated Canadian Rugby Union prevented an East-West final. Regina Roughriders beat Winnipeg but Regina had seven American imports, only two of whom had complied with the residence rules which had been imposed by the CRU. Faced with playing without their imports, the Reginas wisely decided to stay home.

Actually, the CRU officials of that period are owed a vote of thanks. They fanned the fires of an intense East-West rivalry which, eventually, made the Grey Cup Final the greatest single sports event in the Dominion.

In 1937, the Winnipegs went East again and were beaten, 4-3, by the Toronto Argonauts. Ah—that was a sad afternoon for the Westerners. Bob Fritz, the heavy-footed Winnipeg playing-coach, picked up a fumble and, with no one between him and the goal-line, was caught from behind by the equally heavy-footed Bob Isbister. On another occasion, the Winnipeg official, Eddie Grant, called back a play that would have given Winnipeg a touchdown. Winnipeg won much of the glory, but Toronto won the game.

Grant was a lonely figure as he travelled back to Winnipeg with the team and its supporters.

Reg Threlfall, the old "cut-'em-off-at-the-knees" boy, took the Winnipegs to Toronto in 1938. This is known in the West as "The Sore Toe Game" because Greg Kabat, of the Bombers, had a fractured toe and it was over his defensive spot that the Argos galloped in the fourth quarter.

The Winnipegs gained some revenge in 1939 when they won their second Grey Cup, beating Ottawa by a single point. The Bombers were lucky that afternoon. Hanson dropped a punt near his own goal on the ice-covered field and team-mate Andy Bieber made a spectacular recovery. In the last seconds, Ottawa's Orville Burke dropped a punt near *his* goal. This time Winnipeg recovered and Art Stevenson kicked the winning point.

The next year, there was a complete East-West rupture on the question of rules and no game was played. In the ensuing rapprochement, one of the concessions made to the West was that the Grey Cup final would be played each year in Toronto's University Stadium.

The Calgary Stampeders of 1948 made the Grey Cup the spectacle which it is today—or rather, the supporters of the Stampeders provided the color which has made Grey Cup Day unique. They stormed Toronto in special trains and planes; they wore cowboy regalia and they brought cayuses on which to roam the streets of the city. They imported Indian braves from the Sarcee reservation and the Royal York became known as "the biggest damn tepee in the world." They staged square-dances in the lobby of the Royal York and in the concourse of Toronto's Union Station.

The fact that the colorful Calgarians beat a very good Ottawa team completely revived Western interest in the Grey Cup Final. Since then, Calgary has been beaten by Montreal; Winnipeg has been beaten by Toronto; Regina has been beaten by Ottawa, and Edmonton has been beaten by Toronto—but football, for better or worse, is established on a Big League basis.

JIM COLEMAN

Chess Problem

IN THE YEARS of experience with his world collection, Alain White discovered that under his system of classification three kinds of chess problem theme loci developed: absolute loci, relative loci and complex loci.

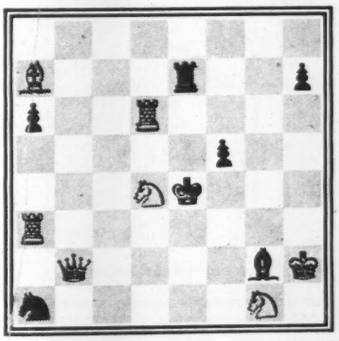
Absolute loci are the rare cases where the whole theme group is subject to change, by being moved around on the board.

Relative loci are much more in evidence. We have them when all the theme pieces except one remain stationary, and the locus consists of all the positions this one piece can occupy relative to the others, in order for it to be theoretically possible to compose a problem on the theme in hand.

Complex loci apply to all themes where we have two or more variable theme pieces, a fascinating study with almost endless possibilities. It is impossible to illustrate a complex loci on one diagram, though it could be readily shown on a chess board in three dimensions. For practical purposes the classifier has recourse to several diagrams in sequence.

Problem No. 41, by Frank Janet

Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.
White to play, mate in two.

Alain White stands as a great pioneer of chess problem classification, his system developing with his courageous effort to establish a world reference collection, now in the hands of English curators. In early years he wrote serial articles on first steps, later to appear in book form. He expressed the view that all chess problems could be grouped under the one system, by slow analysis, patient co-operation and constant revision.

Fr. Dedrle devised a complete system for the collection of echo problems on which he specialized. This was adopted in his book "Echo," which appeared in 1927 as one of the White Christmas series. It might be regarded as a development under the White system of classification.

Solution of Problem No. 40

1.Q-K8, threat; 2.Q-R4, KxKt; 3.Kt-K1 mate. 1.Q-K8, B-B2; 2.Q-B6, KxKt; 3.Kt-B4 mate. 1.Q-K8, Kt-Q2; 2.Q-Kt6, KxKt; 3.Kt-R4 mate.

In the second variation, the need for the final B shut-off forces the Q to guard KB3.

"CENTAUR."

It's a MAN'S work...

for a man's beer!

What you like in an ale and what a woman likes are not necessarily the same . . . so if you are looking for a man's drink with plenty of old-time flavour—hearty, zestful and satisfying—switch now to Labatt's* India Pale Ale . . . I.P.A. is a real *man's* drink. John Labatt Limited.

** The swing is definitely to*

LABATT'S

The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made by The Great Lakes Reinsurance Company to the Parliament of Canada at the present or next Session thereof for the passing of an Act to increase the capital stock of the company from Five hundred thousand dollars to Two million dollars.

DATED at Toronto, Ontario, this 12th day of November, A.D. 1953.

HARRY J. BECK,
Barrister, &c.,
171 Yonge Street,
Toronto, Ontario,
Solicitor for the Applicant.

For Amateur Chefs . . .

This indispensable barbecue set, in fine stainless steel, is designed to delight every barbecue chef.

Extra long 22½-inch spatula, fork and spoon keep you a comfortable distance from the fire. The handsome, flame-resistant, simulated horn handles have easy-to-hang-up leather thongs.

An inspired Christmas gift for amateur chefs or a real treat for yourself.

7.50 Set

Matching steak knives—11.95 set of 6

Matching carving set—15.00 set

Matching salad servers—4.50 pair

LINDSAY STUDIOS
LIMITED

80 Bloor West - - - - - - Toronto

Our Mail Order Dept. Will Give Your Order Careful Attention

1715

Always in Good Taste

Martell

Cognac Brandy

Make friends with Martell

Imported in bottle from Cognac, France

M 84-1M

Lighter Side

Knock, Knock

"LET'S PLAY Knock, Knock," I said to my friend Miss A.

Miss A. who had been sending out notices for the Annual Meeting of the Ladies' Needlework Guild finished her last card and laid down her pen. "How do you play Knock, Knock?" she asked.

"Well, I say 'Knock, knock,'" I explained, "and you say 'Who's there?' and then I say, for instance, 'Eden'."

"Anthony Eden?" Miss A. asked.

"Anthony or Garden of, it doesn't matter," I said. "Then you say, 'Anthony who?' and I say, 'Eden know it was loaded.'"

It took some time to clarify this but in the end Miss A. said she thought she grasped the general principle of the game. "I'll try one if you like," she said, "Knock, Knock."

"Who's there?" I asked.

"Subpoena," Miss A. said.

"Subpoena who?" I asked.

"My cousin Wilma dug up subpoenas in the fall," Miss A. said.

"Oh, no you don't," I said. "People don't dig up peonies in the fall. Peonies are perennials."

"These peonies had root-blight," Miss A. said.

I said that in that case I'd have to allow it. We considered. "Knock, knock," I said after a moment.

"Who's there?" Miss A. asked.

"Sinatra," I said.

"Sinatra who?" Miss A. asked.

"They had a disagreement and Ava left Sinatra it," I said.

"Lord God of Hosts," said Rudyard the parrot, and this time Miss A. didn't reprove him. "My turn," she said. "How about Mossadegh?"

"You should have said 'Knock, knock,'" I pointed out. "However, Mossadegh who?"

"Cries all night and Mossadegh," Miss A. said.

"Why, that's good!" I said, and Miss A. smiled happily. "I should be able to do something with Syngman Rhee," she said.

I shook my head, "Nobody has ever been able to do anything with Syngman Rhee," I said. "How about this one, Ukraine?"

Miss A. frowned and considered. "You can't do anything with Ukraine," she said at last. "It isn't fair. I give you easy ones and you just give me hard ones."

"It isn't very hard," I said. "Why Ukraine Baby?"

Miss A. got up and went into the kitchenette to make tea. She came back after a little with a loaf of bread and a jar of apricot jam. "We really need something to strengthen us," she said, and added apologetically, "It's only oleo, I'm afraid. You'll just have to imargarine it's butter."

"Not very good," I said. "How about bigamy?"

"Bigamy who?" Miss A. said.

"This one's a little complicated," I said. "But it works out all right. This man who was convicted of supporting three wives in three different establishments was asked by the Judge if he had anything to say for himself."

Miss A. looked puzzled. "Is that all?" she asked.

"Of course not," I said. "His answer was, 'I consider it very bigamy.'"

"Have some apricot jam on your toast," Miss A. said quickly. "It sort of disguises the margarine."

"Knock, knock," I said.

"Oh, not again," Miss A. said.

"Disguised," I said firmly.

Miss A. reflected. Then she shook her head. "You can't possibly do anything with disguises," she said.

"Disguises you can," I said.

"Which guy?" Miss A. asked.

"Never mind, skip it," I said. "How about moderator?"

"Moderator," Miss A. said musingly, "I can't imagine—"

"Our cat had kittens and moderator family," I said.

"If you're going to be disgusting, I won't play," Miss A. said.

"All right then, how about Metemptosis?" I asked.

"There's no such word," Miss A. said.

"There is so," I said. "I took it up in Pass Astronomy. It has something to do with the lunar calendar."

"Metem, medem, madam—" Miss A. said and I said excitedly she was getting it. "You can dope it out easy from there," I told her.

"Dope it, dope it," sneered Rudyard, coming suddenly to life.

"Oh, keep quiet, Rudyard," Miss A. said irritably, and Rudyard shrieked suddenly, "Dope it bananas in the refrigerator."

"Metemptosis burning!" I cried suddenly, and Miss A. turned and jerked out the electric cord.

"Well, for Heaven's sake, why didn't you say so sooner," she said.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

The Bourne

Rebellious heart, why still regret so much
A destiny which all that's mortal shares?
Surely the solace of the grave is such
That there nought matters; and, there, no one cares?
Nor faith, nor love, nor dread, nor closest friend
Can from this nearing bourne your footfall keep:
But there even conflict with your self shall end,
And every grief be reconciled in sleep.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Books

The Muses' Fairest Light

HAVE YOU EVER seen, or read, a play by Ben Jonson? You know at least one of his poems, for "Drink to me only with thine eyes" is familiar to millions of people, most of whom are unaware that it is one of the most perfect lyrics in the English language. But even people who read a good deal seem to avoid Jonson, and in his Introduction to the Nonesuch anthology Harry Levin calls him "the greatest unread English author". I heartily wish that this were not so, for I am a Jonson enthusiast. I wish that the university theatres, and the good amateur companies that do not have to concern themselves with popular success, would show us more of Jonson's plays. I wish that musicians, who are sometimes heard to complain that they cannot find good lyrics for songs, would turn their attention to Jonson, whose works are full of the most exquisite verses. I wish that the legend that Jonson is a difficult, crabbed writer would die. And therefore I am happy that Miss Marchette Chute has written a popular biography of this great and misunderstood man and that she has done it so well. I hope that the enthusiasm for biography which exists at present will lead many people to read her book, and will lead them still further to read Ben Jonson.

The way to read him is to jump in with both feet and read *The Alchemist, Epicoene, Volpone* and *Bartholomew Fair* as fast as you can. These are mighty comedies, and to get their flavor you must take them in gulps and big bites; if you sip at them, and chew on indigestible cuds of footnotes, you will miss all that they have to offer. The time to study them in detail is after you have grasped their shape and texture. The Oxford Press has just published one of its excellent double volumes, containing five of Jonson's plays; *Epicoene* is not there, but two not mentioned above—*Every Man In His Humour* and *Sejanus*—are included; I advise you not to read the first of these until your appetite for Jonson is formed; the latter is a tragedy, and not a good one, so you may skip it until later, or perhaps forever. If you become a Jonson enthusiast you will find yourself, in time, dipping into all his plays, including the failures. In order to do that you will have to get the great edition of Jonson upon which C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson have spent twenty-seven years of the most devoted scholarship, and which fills eleven big books; or, like myself, you may find William Gifford's old nineteenth century edition, so full of spleen and prejudice, to your taste.

Mention of Gifford and his pages of angry footnotes leads me to explain that Jonson is an author who is likely to affect you strongly; you may love him or detest him; only those who do not really know him are judicially impartial about him. Gifford, for instance, seemed to have had the notion that he was the first man in the history of criticism to understand Jonson fully, and he wrote in the bitterest terms of other critics who had failed to appreciate his hero. The great contemporary American critic, Edmund Wilson, detests Jonson almost as much as Gifford worships him and his essay "Morose Ben Jonson" in *The Triple Thinkers* attacks the man in what I think are unfair terms. Jonson scholarship seems to provoke spleen and unbalance; all the more honor to Miss Chute, then, for her well-balanced book.

It is not, however, a perfectly balanced book, and I cannot feel that it gives an adequate biographical portrait of Jonson. It is mild in tone, and sometimes comes perilously near to flatness. Although we have a considerable amount of contemporary material for a biography of Jonson the facts will not fill a book. A good deal of supposition must be permitted if some of the gaps are to be closed, and Miss Chute has done her supposing discreetly. She gives a good account of the historical and social background of Jonson's life. But she has a tendency, observable in feminine biographers, to make excuses for her subject when no excuse is possible; of course, Miss Chute is in distinguished company when she does so, for it was this fault which almost ruined Edith Sitwell's book on Pope. But the effect is to diminish Jonson's stature; his faults, like his virtues, were great, and must not be hushed up by well-meaning female admirers.

He was a great humorist and a great lover of life; there is no play in our language that matches the tremendous gusto of *Bartholomew Fair*. He was a great craftsman; Coleridge put *The Alchemist* beside Sophocles' *Oedipus Tyrannus* as the two finest plots in all literature. He was a great poet, and his lyrics range from the noblest and most impassioned expressions of love and grief to bitter little squibs composed to embarrass people whom he did not like. As a man he inspired strong and lasting friendships among the great men of his time, and devotion among his disciples. He was a great man.

He was also a crank and a braggart, with the amorous versatility of a tom-cat. There was a strain of the schoolmaster in him, and he set a ridiculous value upon mere book-learning. He had so little control over his pedantry that in his tragedy *Catiline* he inserted the whole of one of Cicero's orations, and expected his audience would enjoy listening to it for its own sake, although it brought the action of the play to a grinding standstill. He was often jealous and bitter in his judgment of other poets.

Though he could not write a tragedy, his range was great and his mind lofty. There is not a sentimental passage in any of his plays, and he wrote scalding satire. (If I were a dictator I should summon the press of the nation annually to a gala performance of *The Staple of News*, which says all that can be said about popular journalism and advertising.) Yet the tenderness of his elegies on his own children, and on the boy actor Salathiel Pavy, is doubly affecting because of its depth and restraint. His vein of fancy was second only to Shakespeare's, and he wrote nonsense verse which is among the best we have.

His lack of sentimentality distresses those spongey critics who insist that true humor laughs with, and not at, human frailty. Jonson demanded much from mankind, just as he demanded much from himself. He was not a man to encourage folly, simply because folly was a human characteristic. He was an austere moralist, and it was the high regard in which he held mankind which made him scathing in his condemnation of human greed, stupidity and self-importance.

Here, then, is a man of copious and wide-ranging genius, and Miss Chute could have demonstrated it by a more generous use of quotation and by trusting her excellent judgment in some assessment of his work as a whole. However, she has contented herself with a life-story, and perhaps she was wise not to alienate the general reader by involving herself in any of the Jonsonian quarrels.

There are battles to be fought, if anyone wants to fight them. Edmund Wilson, who says that Jonson was what the psychoanalysts call an "anal-erotic", has not yet been answered. That term is not capable of a brief or simple explanation, and I shall not attempt to give one here; there is evidence in Jonson's work to support Mr. Wilson's contention that he was of a jealous, grudging, withholding, rancorous and tormented disposition, and that he may have been constipated. But as Mr. Wilson knows, anal-erotics are two-a-penny and the world of literature and literary criticism is full of them; what matters about Jonson is not that he may have belonged

ELEANOR STUART as the Countess of Rossillion in "All's Well that Ends Well." One of the drawings by Grant Macdonald which illustrate "Renown at Stratford", by Tyrone Guthrie and Robertson Davies, a record of the Shakespeare Festival in Canada, 1953. (Clarke, Irwin, $3.50)

EXPLORATION
FAWCETT

by Brian Fawcett

The thrilling and astonishing adventures of Col. Fawcett, who disappeared in the vast, unknown and silent world of the Amazon Valley. Written by his son and fully illustrated. $3.25

THE
SATURDAY
BOOK
edited by John Hadfield

More gorgeous than ever — and larger too!

This year's Saturday Book is choc-a-bloc with the sort of articles and features and out-of-the-ordinary pictures (many in beautiful colours) that has made this book the No. 1 buy for all seekers of the ideal gift book. $5.50

HUTCHINSON
McGraw-Hill

a new series . . .
GREAT STORIES OF CANADA
for young people 11 to 15
first title . . .
THE
SCARLET FORCE
THE MAKING OF THE MOUNTIES
by
T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

A stirring story of the early days of the R.C.M.P. and how they brought law and order to the Northwest; by the author of "In Scarlet and Plain Clothes."

at your bookseller's $2.00
MACMILLAN
70 Bond St., Toronto

to a psychological type to which a label can be put, but that he was a writer of genius and a man who made a strong impression on his age. Psychoanalysis is valuable in criticism only insofar as it enlarges our understanding of a man and his work; to use it to diminish a man whose work a critic dislikes is uncritical spleen. And to dismiss Jonson, as Bernard Shaw did, as a "brutal pedant" is simply to reveal a personal incapacity But it is a sign of Jonson's power that after more than three hundred years, people are still fighting about him.

Miss Chute's book may be recommended to any lover of biography; her great success in the recent past with her lives of Chaucer and Shakespeare is a guarantee that her life of Jonson will find a large audience. It is a pity that the proofreading of her book is bad and that in at least one case Jonson is so misquoted as to rob his lines of meaning. But we may be grateful to her for bringing Jonson to the attention of many people who would otherwise certainly neglect him, in a manner which they will like, and which may lead them to investigate his works.

He is not a man to be overlooked. He was the second among the mighty group of Elizabethan and Jacobean playwrights of whom Shakespeare was the first. In his day he far outshone Shakespeare in popular esteem, and at his death it was possible to write of him:

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
The soul which answer'd best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made.

This is not as fine as Jonson's celebrated praise of Shakespeare—but then, nobody could praise like Jonson, when he chose. But it is a tribute to a man whom we cannot, in fairness to ourselves, neglect.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER — by Marchette Chute — pp. 349, bibliography & index—map on endpapers—*Dutton*—$5.75.

FIVE PLAYS BY BEN JONSON — World's Classics Double Volume—pp. 569—*Oxford*—$2.00.

Art Books

TWO BOOKS on Michelangelo have appeared this autumn, and as they are both good in their way and are meant to serve different purposes, there is no reason why one should eclipse the other. For serious students the large volume issued by the Phaidon Press will be indispensable, for it presents in photographs and colour plates all of the master's work except his drawings. The nature of the book may be judged from the way in which it treats the matter of the Sistine Chapel: first, a photograph of the chapel itself gives the architectural

AN OLD ENGRAVED portrait of Ben Jonson, "the voice most echo'd."

sense of the subject; next, a large extensible plate shows the whole decoration of the ceiling; next, 49 plates give the ceiling paintings in detail; there follows a plate of the "Ancestors of Christ" window, and another extensible plate of the Chapel lunettes; 19 further plates, four of them in color, complete this study.

The book is important also because it deals with Michelangelo as architect, sculptor and painter, working with one complete effect in view; his genius cannot be grasped if we think of him as a man who excelled in three branches of art, and it is a fine thing to have a book which allows us to consider his work in completeness.

One or two English art critics have complained of the plates in this book, some of which do not satisfy them. We cannot offer an opinion of any value on this subject, but it appears to us that this is the best and most complete book on Michelangelo which is generally available, and that most students and lovers of art will find it exceeds their expectations. After all, if one seeks to know an artist's work under the best possible circumstances, it is necessary to see the work itself. What photographs and color plates can do, this book does brilliantly. It has been compiled by Ludwig Goldscheider who provides it with an Introduction, notes, catalogue and bibliography.

THE DUST JACKET of Elizabeth Ripley's book, "Michelangelo."

The second book, by Elizabeth Ripley, is part of the Oxford series for boys and girls, and it is an excellent introduction to the life and work of the great artist. Once again we are impressed with the way in which the better English publishers offer books for children which are suited to their understanding without being written down, and by the high estimate which English writers have of the minds of children.

This book contains 31 photographs of Michelangelo's principal works, including some of his drawings but without reference to his architecture. Here is an admirable book for the boy or girl under sixteen who is interested in art.

The Medici Society has brought out two pleasant books on Turner and Perugino. Each contains a good essay, some half-tones, and color plates of the artist's work done with the care which has made the Society's reputation.

A new series of books on famous artists is inaugurated by the Swiss publishing house of Skira with small, excellent volumes on Gauguin, Van Gogh and Toulouse-Lautrec. The series is called *The Taste of Our Time*, and it is not intended to present new opinions or final judgments on the work of the artists considered in it, but rather to give an expert opinion, and a series of good color-plates. The books themselves are attractive, and for what they are, their cost is not out of the way. Anyone seeking to make a collection of art books knows that he will have to pay substantial prices for them, and regrets it only when the books falsify the work of the artist. The name of Skira is a guarantee of careful and sensitive printing.

A feature of these books which will make them valuable to students is the inclusion of reproductions of paintings which are not by the artist under consideration, but which throw light on his conception of art and his technique. Thus, in the book on Gauguin, we find a plate of an Egyptian tomb painting; in the Van Gogh volume is an example of Rembrandt and another of Millet. No example of "influence" is offered in the book on Lautrec, so it is clear that this is not a mannerism of the series. The passion for finding "influences" can be as deadly and misleading in painting as in literature.

The plates in these books are admirable, and it is a pleasure to recommend the *Taste of Our Time* series.

M. A. T.

MICHELANGELO, PAINTINGS, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE—by Ludwig Goldscheider—228 pages with 300 illustrations in photogravure and color—*Doubleday*—$8.50.

MICHELANGELO—by Elizabeth Ripley—pp. 68 with 31 photographs—*Oxford*—$3.25.

PERUGINO—by Richard James—pp. 12 and 5 color plates—*Clarke, Irwin*—85 cents.

TURNER—by David C. Thomas—pp. 15 and 6 color plates—*Clarke, Irwin*—85 cents.

GAUGUIN — by Charles Estienne — pp. 115 with 54 color plates—*Burns & MacEachern*—$5.50.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC — by Jacques Lassaigne — pp. 119 with 52 color plates—*Burns & MacEachern*—$5.50.

VAN GOGH—by Charles Estienne and C. H. Sibert—pp. 126 with 58 color plates—*Burns & MacEachern*—$5.50.

The Figure of a Living Woman

GEORGE SAND: Aurore Dupin. Even her names stir the imagination: one plain, practical, English, chosen as a matter of expediency in a printer's shop when her first novel was published—the other colorful, musical, romantic, given to her, as was the same name to all the women of her family, at birth. She was born "to the sound of music and with the color of roses about her". The music was for a quadrille which thirty-year-old Sophie-Victoire Dupin had just left off dancing in her rose-colored dress to attend to the business of presenting husband Maurice with his daughter. The place was Paris and the date July 1, 1804, the first year of the Empire.

Most people with any literary awareness at all have a mental picture of George Sand. Whatever form it takes, and especially if it is just that of a handsome woman puffing a cigar as she writes a novel (or even, since a Hollywood version of Chopin's life a few years ago, an unemotional Merle Oberon in well-tailored trousers), the searching light of this biography is going to change it. Maurois admires George Sand without a trace of the priggish condescension and reluctance that have tinged so much writing about her. He admires her and he understands her.

To even begin to comprehend the character of this extraordinary woman it is necessary to know something of her forbears and upbringing. Bastardy ran in the Koenigsmarks, her father's line. Like haemophilia in the Hapsburgs, if it skipped a generation it was likely to turn up in the next, but far from weakening the strain, the irregular grafts on the family tree produced nothing but rich fruit season after season. "In her background *everyone* had been extraordinary," says Maurois. "She came (on her father's side) from a line in which there had been an intermingling of kings and mothers-superior, of great soldiers and ladies of the theatre." Authority was in their blood. Her great-great-grandfather was King of Poland and the grandmother who raised her, Aurore de Saxe, friend of Rousseau and Buffon, was not only a woman of distinction in an age when women dazzled society by the cultivation of their talents, but she married a man of the most remarkable versatility. Contrary to all this, George Sand's mother was of the people. Pretty, charming, talented, tender, with a violent temper and a tongue sharp with Parisian guttersnipe wit, she passed on to Aurore physical stamina, zest, and the ability to turn her hand to anything from planting a cabbage to dressing a doll, as well as an intense hatred of privilege. So heredity held in store for the child with the velvety black Koenigsmark eyes an almost irreconcilable conflict of temperament; the atmosphere in which she grew up not only provided further conflicts but was a kind of fixative for them, rendering them permanent and giving her personality its astonishing variety. This atmosphere was outwardly a pastoral one, at her grandmother's estate at Nohant in Berry.

Aurore's tutor, Deschartres, was both Rousseauist and Romantic. He instructed her in natural science, taught her to handle a horse and a gun, and encouraged her to wear boy's clothing for these outdoor pursuits. From him she learned to manage the estate and, as he was chemist and surgeon for the village, she helped him in the surgery where she developed that indifference to bodily function which was to prove too clinical for the taste of future lovers. Grandmaman, although she "held Jesus Christ in high esteem", subscribed to the abstract tenets of eighteenth century thought and encouraged the girl along rationalist lines; she also gave her skill in music and a lifelong love of it. This, then, was the young heiress who at eighteen became mistress of Nohant and in a short time the wife of Baron Dudevant.

Now came the great change in Aurore's life. Her marriage was a bitter experience for the girl whose dreams of love were inspired by Rousseau. Although devoted to her little son, Maurice, she wrote to a friend: "Marriage is a wonderful state for lovers, and a useful state for saints . . . All very well for those who understand sacrifice." From the evidence we must conclude that she was not among them, for now began that long and fruitless search for perfect love, for a relation in which she might find both spiritual satisfaction and those physical delights which had, up to now, stayed so tantalizingly beyond her reach. The main lines of Madame Dudevant's life from 1830 on are well known to many readers: her early success as a novelist, her various *affaires du coeur* and the birth of her daughter Solange whose paternity is still in doubt, the separation from her husband after which she settled in Paris. The girl who, a few years before, would have travelled "two leagues just to see Monsieur de Balzac pass by" was now his friend. With a brilliant coterie she frequented the cafés and theatres of Paris in her grey redingote, top hat and tasselled boots, a sensation in the artistic life of France. The young Romantics were making themselves felt, and the former mistress of Nohant was well up in front!

MAUROIS takes the title for his biography from a novel Sand wrote in 1833 (she was then twenty-nine) about a beautiful woman's search for love's pleasures, a profitless one because she is incapable of any love that is not maternal in feeling. The book is "a long avowal of physical impotence", which Sainte-Beuve hastened to point out to his friend the author. Sand denied it, but later admitted that she was utterly and completely Lélia. Nevertheless, as Maurois is at some pains to point out, she was not "an ogress in quest of fresh and tender food. The love of which she dreamed must strike deep and last long. Unfaithful she might herself

CHOICE FICTION
for your Christmas Gift List

DÉSIRÉE *by Annemarie Selinko*

A sweeping novel of the Napoleonic era that is fascinating readers everywhere. A book "you can't put down".
Heinemann $3.00

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR
by Frank O'Connor

Irish wit fairly leaps from the pages of this unique collection of twenty-seven of Frank O'Connor's best stories.
Hamish Hamilton $3.00

THE GO-BETWEEN *by L. P. Hartley*

The author ensures his continued success as a novelist in this absorbing story of a boy on the verge of adolescence.
Hamish Hamilton $2.50

THE PAST MASTERS *by Edith Simon*

A dramatic story with an archaeological setting told with all the verve and power of a skilled story-teller.
Cassell $3.00

BRITISH BOOK SERVICE
KINGSWOOD HOUSE
1068 BROADVIEW AVENUE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

BRITNELL'S FOR BOOKS

The latest publications and the finest selection of books in all branches of literature to be found in any shop in Canada. If you have any difficulty in obtaining the books you want, come, phone or write to us. You are more likely to find the books you want to own or give at Britnell's.

FREE DELIVERY IN THE CITY OR BY MAIL TO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD

"Come In And Browse Around"

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Before selecting your Christmas Cards you must see our distinguished cards . . . You will see no better anywhere . . . Prices are modest

OPEN TO 6 P.M. — FRIDAYS AND SATURDAYS 9 P.M.
BEGINNING DEC. 7th TO 9 P.M. EVERY DAY

THE ALBERT BRITNELL BOOK SHOP
765 YONGE ST. TORONTO PRINCESS 3321

The Travel Book of the Year!

IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURE

By Alain Gheerbrant

An incredible tale of courage and hardship amid the teeming jungles of the Amazon basin and of the four young men who braved the perils of the unknown to bring back priceless records to civilization.

". . . ranks higher than just another book of exploration . . . an undoubted classic." — Yorkshire Observer.

". . . fascinating . . . profoundly interesting . . . should be read by everyone who cares about courage and endurance." — Julian Duguid (Daily Telegraph).

$3.25

LONGMANS

TYRRELL'S BOOK SHOP

WM. TYRRELL LIMITED

820 YONGE STREET

TORONTO

BOOKS ARE THE GRACIOUS GIFTS OF FRIENDSHIP

. . . And in the gracious, friendly atmosphere of Tyrrell's
you may select the very book
to please each friend and relative, each
child and adult on your list.

. . . Here, too, you may choose your wrappings,
seals, tags and ribbons to personalize each gift. You will
be delighted also with our
wide, attractive range of Christmas cards.
. . . hundreds to choose from our racks or from our
books of personal card design.

. . . Downstairs, in Tyrrell's Rare Book Room,
you will find a choice selection
of out-of-print titles—including some fine old editions.

. . . If you cannot shop in person—
telephone or write to us. Your orders
will receive our prompt and careful attention.

SHOP HOURS 9.30-6.00
OPEN EVERY EVENING UNTIL 9 FROM DEC. 11 TO DEC. 24
TELEPHONE KINGSDALE 6118

have been, but that, she thought, had been the consequence of disappointment and despair." She has too often been presented as a *femme fatale,* and Maurois will have none of it.

Like Madame de Stael, George Sand played a leading part in shaping her country's history in the nineteenth century. With her productive pen she championed the republican cause and preached the doctrines of socialism. Even closer to the heart of this passionate woman who threw all her great energy into anything she undertook was the battle for the restoration of those civil rights of which marriage deprived women, and for the abolition of the degrading penalties then imposed on adulterous wives. She was no militant feminist in the political sphere, but she fought all her life for equality in law and love.

Probably George Sand's most rewarding years were the last twenty-five, passed mostly at Nohant, where there were the domestic duties she always enjoyed, swimming in the Cher, music, flowers, friends and swarming grandchildren. She was still writing twenty pages a day without fail, and she never re-wrote or corrected. Critics ignored her later novels but the books still sold; she kept her family, aided political refugees and provided for the grandchildren of the dear friend of her early years in Paris, actress Marie Dorval. Her health had never been better and in her diary of 1868 she writes: "I can no longer find the slightest trace of the anxious, agitated individual of those (early) years, so discontented with herself, so out of patience with others. I suffered no doubt from illusions of *greatness.* It was the fashion of the times . . . It is quite wrong to think of old age as a downward slope . . ." In the house at Nohant was the finest puppet theatre in the world. Chopin, who had once played for its productions, was no longer there; but there were others. The younger Dumas was writing the plays now, Madame Sand dressed the dolls, son Maurice arranged the music. Gautier came and stayed; Flaubert was often a visitor, and Turgenieff, "much the more interesting of the two, could not get a word in edgeways." It was a dazzling company, and George Sand was still its brilliant centre.

One of the notable features of this biography is the author's re-creation of atmosphere; not merely the atmosphere of a Paris flat or a windy Majorcan villa, but the whole intellectual and social climate of nineteenth century France. Maurois has created a background of color and movement, the turbulent life of a time when Reason was giving way to Romance, and against it he has set, not a figure in painted wax, but the figure of a living woman—the whole personality of George Sand. It is this wholeness which gives value and importance to the book. Here are not only the known facts of Sand's life but a presentation of them that is immensely skilful and sympathetic. Lélia is an outstanding contribution to literature.

RUTH THOMPSON

LELIA—by André Maurois—pp. 482 including excellent bibliography and index—Photographs—*Musson*—$5.00.

Alan Villiers

THE WAY OF A SHIP

The complete story of the square-rigged Cape Horn ships and fascinating yarns about the men who sailed them. *Illustrated* $8.45

Charles A. Lindbergh
describes his historical flight in

THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

"It is dream, it is science, it is adventure, it is discovery, it is youth facing the unknown with faith and with excitement."—Lewis Gannett, N.Y. Herald Tribune. *Illustrated* $6.25

THE ENCHANTED CUP
by Dorothy Roberts

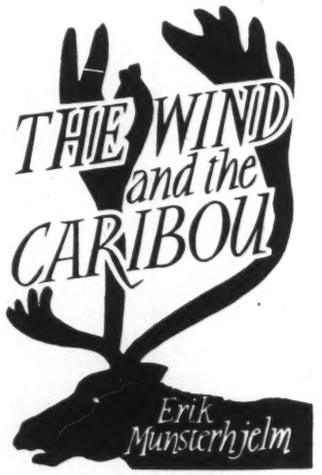
The ageless love story of Tristan and Isolde told in a 20th century version . . . A great novel. $4.65

UNBROKEN
by Alastair Mars

The story of life in a British submarine during the last war. As compelling as THE CRUEL SEA. $2.75

at all booksellers

S. J. REGINALD SAUNDERS & CO. LIMITED



Adventure and excitement of a trapper's life in the Athabaska country of Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

at your bookseller's $3.50

MACMILLAN

LEGAL ESSAYS IN HONOUR OF ARTHUR MOXON

Edited by J. A. Corry, F. C. Cronkite, and E. F. Whitmore. These ten essays by outstanding authorities in their fields make a very real contribution to legal scholarship in Canada. A tribute from Saskatchewan Law School graduates to the Dean who created one of the finest law schools in Canada. $10.00

University of Toronto Press

"THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT"

Another adventure in laughter by Giovanni Guareschi, author of the best seller — "Don Camillo and his Flock"

•

ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER FOR THIS PERFECT GEM OF COMEDY AND WIT.

$3.50

AMBASSADOR BOOKS LIMITED

"... opens a new dimension in adventure writing ..."

CAVES OF ADVENTURE

By HAROUN TAZIEFF

A book to fascinate all lovers of adventure, as a new world—far beneath the Pyrenees—is opened up. News of the discovery of a vast cave, large enough to contain Notre Dame, is marred by tragedy.

In this account of heart-breaking agonies and breath-taking suspense the writer pays tribute to the magnificent courage and endurance of his comrades.

At all Booksellers $3.25
Illustrated

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

JUST PUBLISHED

The Bible You Must Have

More accurate, easier to read, yet preserves the beauty of the King James Version. $6.00.

In genuine leather, $10.00.

RSV

Revised Standard Version of the Bible

NELSON'S

The Otonabee and the Tiber

G. H. NEEDLER, professor emeritus of German in University College, Toronto, is a man of parts and he has had many years to exercise them. This fall, and now in his 88th year, Professor Needler has brought out two books as varied in subject as are his interests.

Otonabee Pioneers (among whom Dr. Needler's grandfather was one, although he was not a writer) is chiefly the story of the Stewarts, Traills, Moodies and Stricklands, cultivated English and Irish immigrants to the Otonabee river valley around Peterborough following the Napoleonic Wars. "I know of no other district in North America that was so fortunate in the character of its pioneer settlers as the upper Otonabee. Here we have [in the four families] fortitude that endured most exacting hardships in rare union with high literary gifts; what they have recorded is at once valuable history and excellent writing." Pioneers in other districts were as hardy and hard-tested, but they could not or did not write

SIR WALTER SCOTT by Morani

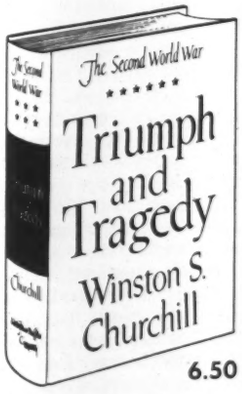
If readers familiar with the subjects find little new material in the book, the same readers will remember that Professor Needler helped restore knowledge of these pioneer literary careers through his earlier research and writing. He has thoroughly studied their family backgrounds and their literary output at its periodical sources, for instance, "The Victoria Magazine" of the Moodies. The literary reputation of Mrs. Susanna Moodie is gently pricked, and as for the unvarnished historical value of her chief work, *Roughing It In The Bush*, we are reminded that she compiled it twelve years (in 1852) after she was out of the bush; she was in Belleville, though still roughing it with penury. In Belleville, people who could read sniffed at her for "inventing lies and getting paid for them". Her sister, Mrs. Traill's, *The Backwoods of Canada* and Mrs. Thomas Stewart's *Our Forest Home* were daily chronicles set down at the time of their happening.

There is a final chapter on the remarkable Thomas Need and the more famous Langton family, both of Sturgeon Lake, west of the upper Otonabee.

The second of Professor Needler's new books under notice is set on the banks of the Tiber. In the home of a Toronto friend, Eric Duke Scott, Dr. Needler was introduced to a notable manuscript—Sir William Gell's reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott's residence in Italy in 1832 during the last months of Scott's life. Gell wrote it to provide Lockhart with information for the celebrated biography. Lockhart used some of it; in Professor Needler's opinion, the unused parts—nearly half of the whole—are as valuable and important as what Lockhart chose to print.

Sir William Gell was a prominent British resident of Rome at the time of Sir Walter's visit, and showed him the city. The history of the manuscript —from Rome to Toronto (Eric Duke Scott is no relation to Sir Walter)—is told in Professor Needler's somewhat repetitive, over-extended introduction in his capacity as editor. It is a clear and plain manuscript, judging

TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

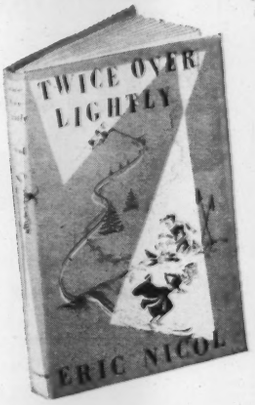


6.50

The Final Volume of This Great Series opens with the grand assault of D-Day and follows the waxing fortunes of the allies in all theatres of the vast struggle until the final capitulation of Japan. In his vivid description of Yalta, the death of Franklin Roosevelt, the Potsdam conference, his own defeat in the general elections of 1945 and the opening of the Atomic era, Sir Winston's history reaches its great and dramatic climax.

AT YOUR BOOK OR DEPARTMENT STORE

These New Books Make Perfect Gifts



TWICE OVER LIGHTLY

By Eric Nicol. Author of *The Roving I.* The author's latest and best humorous writing. Second printing. $2.25.

MIKE MULLINS OF BOSTON CRICK

By O. T. G. Williamson. Pioneer stories of Northern Ontario, rich in humour. $2.50.

ONTARIO

By Marjorie Wilkins Campbell. "The most informative and attractive book on the subject." —*W. A. Deacon.* $4.00.

THIS IS SASKATCHEWAN

By Robert Moon. "This book, folks, is Saskatchewan."—*The Sun, Swift Current.* $4.00.

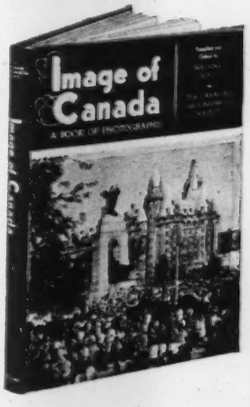


IMAGE OF CANADA

Hundreds of beautiful photographs, selected by The Canadian Geographical Society. A de luxe gift. $5.50.

HISTORIC HOUSES OF CANADA

By Katherine Hale. "Lively and fresh in approach . . . This is dipping into adventure." —*Mona Gould, New Liberty.* $4.00.

At Your Bookseller's
THE RYERSON PRESS

set him right
this Christmas with—

Esquire Etiquette

the incomparable guide to good manners and "the world of women".

Is he more sporting than courting? Is he pulling boners at the office? Then put him on the right track this Christmas with a copy of Esquire Etiquette.

Esquire Etiquette covers everything — the world of business, sports and *women* — the little things that even his best friend won't tell him!

It also tells him how to handle women who care about such matters.

LONGMANS

CHOICE NON-FICTION
for your Christmas Gift List

RUM JUNGLE *by Alan Moorehead*

The atmosphere of the Australian bush country is cleverly caught in this story of one of the world's richest Uranium Mines.
Hamish Hamilton $3.25

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN DUBLIN *by Chiang Yee*

Dublin comes in for some rare wit and humour in this unique interpretation of the Irish capital. Amply illustrated.
Methuen $4.25

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR
by James Boswell

Begins the author's European tour which includes special interviews with Voltaire and Rousseau. One of the greatest series in English literature.
Heinemann $5.00

PERIOD PIECE *by Gwen Ravert*

A candid, good-humoured account of her very proper childhood in Cambridge by one of Charles Darwin's granddaughters.
Norton $4.25

BRITISH BOOK SERVICE
KINGSWOOD HOUSE
1068 BROADVIEW AVENUE
TORONTO, ONTARIO

from a photograph of the first page; it is done by a professional copyist of the period.

Another real literary find goes with the little book. The frontispiece is an engraving from an original sketch done by an Italian artist at the time of Scott's visit. It also is in the possession of Mr. Eric Duke Scott of Toronto. Realizing its worth, Professor Needler had it engraved. An Edinburgh authority on Scott considers it the best likeness in existence.

So this little book, the first complete publication of the Gell memoir together with the engraving of the Morani sketch, is destined to find its way into personal and public libraries wherever in the world Scott is revered.

T. J. ALLEN

OTONABEE PIONEERS—by G. H. Needler—pp. 172—*Burns & MacEachern*—$3.25.

REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RESIDENCE IN ITALY, 1832—by Sir William Gell, edited by G. H. Needler—pp. 41—*Burns & MacEachern*—$2.00.

The Modern Adam

IDEAL

THE ANALOGY with music is difficult to avoid in writing of modern literature. Philip Toynbee's new novel, *The Garden to the Sea,* is not reminiscent of a musical form, but it has to be read as music is listened to. The phrases become significant in relation to movements, and the movements in relation to the whole. The sequence is intuitive as well as logical; the progression is by ideas and emotional states.

The Garden to the Sea, like its forerunner *Tea with Mrs. Goodman,* is not an easy book. It requires the sort of appreciative attention that is required, for example, by a Beethoven sonata. Mr. Toynbee does not believe that the novelist should make no demand on the reader, but rather that, if the book has intellectual quality and creative imagination, the reader reaps a reward proportionate to his effort; provided, of course, that the author could express his meaning in no easier way.

The Garden to the Sea repeats and expands many of the symbols of *Tea with Mrs. Goodman.* As Joyce used the *Odyssey* to relate the characters of his *Ulysses* to their universality, Philip Toynbee identifies his subject with the Genesis account of Adam's expulsion from the Garden.

A definition of the plot of such a novel is like an attempt to paraphrase a poem. The definition can only faintly suggest the author's intention, though the longer the familiarity with the work, the more adequate the definition is likely to be. The following impression, then, on short acquaintance, is offered in the spirit of E. K. Brown's remark that every worthwhile novel requires many lamps and even a little candle helps.

Mr. Toynbee tells his story on several levels at once by revealing all the hidden implications in the situation of his self-examining Adam. The superficial story is the modern one of the airman who comes back changed from the War and who is shattered when his wife leaves him. Modern Adam, knowledge-proud, has become Cain and again slays Abel. Humanity which can kill blindly gives itself over

Books are treasured gifts

Give the Children a Gift that Lasts!

Young folk will love these attractive books, showing the Christian way of life in such an interesting way.

Bible Stories

FOR BOYS and GIRLS

by T. W. Engstrom

There are seventy stories in this delightful volume, written especially for children from five to ten. Illustrated in full color. $2.75.

Bedtime Stories

FOR BOYS and GIRLS

by T. W. Engstrom

Really different stories for the children's hour—animal stories, nature stories, Bible stories and stories about children gathered from the far corners of the earth. Illustrated. $2.75.

Stories to Tell

BOYS & GIRLS

by T. A. Bryant

Young readers and listeners will really enjoy these well-told stories. The truths are taken straight from the Bible and woven into situations and lives of characters children will enjoy. And they are full of suspense. Illustrated. $2.75.

From Your Local Bookseller or Direct From

EVANGELICAL PUBLISHERS
TORONTO

18TH-CENTURY INTRIGUE AND ADVENTURE . . .

LORD VANITY

Samuel Shellabarger's Masterpiece!

$4.50

McCLELLAND AND STEWART
The Canadian Publishers

CANADA

A STORY OF CHALLENGE

BY J. M. S. CARELESS

A panoramic yet concise story of Canada's development through four centuries.

417 pages, 32 halftone plates, and 9 maps.

At your bookseller's

$3.50

MACMILLAN

LÉLIA
THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND

BY ANDRE MAUROIS

Masses of unpublished documents and correspondence have been drawn on to create an intimate and truthful likeness of a much maligned lady. Despite her rebellious genius and masculine habits, here was a woman, profoundly feminine, whose heart exposed her to experiences at once tragic and magnificent.

The master biographer of this century delineates frankly yet with sympathy, the portrait of the woman who was the scandal and glory of her age.

At all Booksellers $5.50
Illustrated

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

to the fear of death. The Fall is within, and partial reprieve can only begin with this recognition.

Communication between author and reader in this novel is intense because it is direct. The reader participates in the self-communication of one character, Adam, in the three voices of Noel, his Innocence; Tom, his Fall; and Charley, his Punishment. Only through Adam do we hear the voice of his wife, Daisy. Adam inquires about his past and is answered by his own voices from the past in scenes which modulate on all the emotional and mental tensions which have accompanied Adam's progress from the Garden (which has been engulfed by the Sea) to his acceptance of guilt for his Fall. Noel insists that he is still in the Garden; Tom remembers how he rode away and home again; Adam remembers his last weeks at home; Adam and Charley dispute in exile until Adam recognizes the serpent within and becomes master of his selves. Adam concludes:

"Charley, I've been very tempted by your offer, and don't think, old portion, that I disown you. But look! A hand has pushed against the curb behind me, and the muddy torso begins to rise. It seems I'm getting up again, by my will or my Maker's . . .

"Now until the sea, I'll love the used body and the full mind of Adam."

In his reprieve, Adam will strive to see a self-pitying Adam with the world inside him.

This novel, with its poetic suggestion of the fluctuation of time and the complexity of human relationship, leaves the strong impression that Philip Toynbee has succeeded in establishing his individuality and creating his own world as a novelist, influenced, it seems, by Blake in spirit and Joyce in form. It is too soon to judge the extent of Mr. Toynbee's originality or the profundity of his communication, but *The Garden to the Sea* does achieve to some degree the artist's aim of revealing universal meaning through the particular.

MARGARET HEIDEMAN

THE GARDEN TO THE SEA—by Philip Toynbee—pp. 213—*Ambassador Books*—$2.50.

Hollywood History

WHAT IS IT which keeps Samuel Shellabarger's historical novels from being first-rate? When first we ask ourselves this question it seems difficult to answer. The history in his books is accurate enough, and it is not often allowed to obtrude itself to the disadvantage of his story. He is inventive in plot, he whips his action along at a brisk pace, and he brings his heroes into important historical situations without violating probability. What is wrong with his books?

For there is something wrong with them. When we have read two or three we know that we shall not read any more, unless critical duty demands it. Nor need we feel shame or compunction about making such a confession. There will always be plenty of people who will read Mr. Shellabarger, and make best-sellers of his books, just as there will always be plenty of people who will eat dull, undistinguished food and make best-

The Rommel Papers

Edited by B. H. Liddell Hart "One of the most exciting and important books to come out since the last war . . . an intimate personal picture of the mind of a general in battle"—*Hamilton Spectator* $5.00

Digby

by David Walker "This novel fits into the category of a story that's hard to put down. It's frisky and frankly funny, a book for those who read for pleasure."—*Winnipeg Free Press* $2.75

A Sunset Touch

by Howard Spring The author of *My Son! My Son!* and *The Houses in Between* tells the story of the Menheniots of Rosemullion and the strange man who was the last of the family. $3.00

Hornblower and the Atropos

by C. S. Forester A new book-length novel of the young Horatio with his first command, harrying French privateers, fighting Spain in the Mediterranean and salvaging sunken treasure in a Turkish harbour. $3.00

Except the Lord

by Joyce Cary Taking as his central character Chester Nimmo, whose later career was the subject of *A Prisoner of Grace*, Mr. Cary traces those influences in youth and early manhood that create a radical politician. $3.00

Five Windows

by D. E. Stevenson This is the story of David Kirke who grew up in a Manse in the Scottish Border hills. We see him at five different stages of his life, five moments of decision. $2.75

Black Gold on the Double Diamond

by Ralph Hammond The most exciting story of the year for boys and girls from twelve up. How young Allan Hislop discovered oil on his uncle's ranch in southern Alberta. $1.25

COLLINS

TO ORDER ANY BOOKS

Use This Convenient Coupon

For over fourteen years Burnill's have been supplying books to hundreds of Saturday Night readers all over the world. Make use of this handy coupon to order your Christmas books now and we will ship them off to you as quickly as we know how.

Mail Orders Postpaid on all amounts over $5.00. No C.O.D. orders.
Add 15c to cheques drawn on out-of-town banks.

BURNILL'S BOOK SHOP 100 YONGE STREET, TORONTO 1, ONT.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following book(s) for which I enclose $..... or charge to my account.

AUTHOR	TITLE	PRICE

TOTAL $.....

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY TO AVOID MISTAKES

YOUR NAME .....

YOUR ADDRESS .....

Books may be gift wrapped and sent direct to any address you wish

REBEL on the TRAIL

by Lyn Cook

The story of the 1837 Rebellion, for young Canadians, ages 11 to 15, written by the author of *The Bells on Finland Street* and *The Little Magic Fiddler*.

at your bookseller's *each* **$2.75**

MACMILLAN

The Best of H. T. WEBSTER

With an introduction by Robt. E. Sherwood, and a biographical sketch by Philo Calhoun.

From many thousands of cartoons, the cream of the crop have been selected. Webster's work was a daily reminder of some cherished way of life, the fundamental decency of human beings, or a nostalgic feeling for childhood's experiences—spiced with occasional caustic wit.

$3.95

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

sellers of aliment that has no flavor. Why is Mr. Shellabarger, for all his popular success, so plainly the inferior as a historical novelist to Feuchtwanger, or Edith Simon, or Hope Muntz?

The first reason seems to be that he has no sense of period. He does not make stupid mistakes in his historical background; he has been a teacher of history and he is too good a workman for that. But he cannot give us the feel of an era; his Renaissance and his eighteenth century are the same, and his characters, like those of Thomas Costain, continue obstinately to be twentieth century Americans, however many "period" words and foreign phrases he may drop into his dialogue. His books give the impression of costume plays which have been cast with actors who have no idea of how to suggest another age. Perhaps that is why his books are easy to make into movies.

Lack of a sense of period, however, would not alone account for the dullness of a book like *Lord Vanity;* it is the lack of a sense of style which completes that effect. These books are all so heavy; no spark of wit, no crumb of interesting comment on life, ever illumines them. In his latest work Mr. Shellabarger can introduce Carlo Goldoni, but he cannot make him talk like the man who wrote Goldoni's plays. Two other characters are obviously intended for Lord Chesterfield (about whom Mr. Shellabarger knows a great deal) and Cagliostro, the great impostor; but Mr. Shellabarger puts lead in their feet.

What an author can achieve by industry, Mr. Shellabarger has achieved, and no one would grudge him a jot of his popularity. But he has not a touch in him of the literary artist, and people who demand that books should contain some freshness, some individuality of outlook, some wit or wisdom, and something better than a Hollywood notion of history would do well to avoid his work.

R. D.

LORD VANITY — by Samuel Shellabarger — pp. 467—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.50.

Small At Sunhill

IT IS NO LONGER news that Emily Carr was a writer of unusual gifts as well as a great painter, but it is some time since the last of her books was published, and the arrival of *Pause* stirs our admiration into freshness. It is an account of eighteen months which she spent in an English sanatorium in 1903-4; she says that she did not have tuberculosis, and there are suggestions that she suffered from some related bone ailment.

Anyone who has read *The Book of Small* knows that Emily Carr was not of a docile or accommodating temperament, and Sunhill Sanatorium did not appeal to her. We share her misery there, but not to the point where we cannot spare a rueful thought for Sunhill and its staff. She was undoubtedly a difficult patient.

During her stay at Sunhill she drew rough sketches in a notebook—of her doctors and nurses, of thrushes and blackbirds whom she made her pets with that skill which she always possessed with wild creatures, of cats, frogs, chickens, ducks, rabbits, anything and everything. It is worth observing that all sketches of animals and birds are done with love, and all the pictures of people—with the exception of Emily herself, who is sometimes depicted with an almost kittenish prettiness — are satirical. The sketches are not in any way reminiscent of her later style; Emily had found her temperament, but not her manner of expressing it. The text which accompanies these sketches was written toward the end of her life.

This is a queer book, original and fresh, written by a naturally good writer. Emily Carr has no art in what she writes; there was a time when her books first began to appear, when it looked as though she might be a skilful artist in prose who had chosen a deliberately blunt, spare style to match the seeming blunt spareness of her painting. But time has disposed of that judgment. Emily Carr wrote extremely well by the light of nature, in a style admirably suited to expressing what Emily Carr had to say. What she has to say is principally a revelation of her own strong individuality; she has some general reflections to make, and a few observations on art, but in the main she is content to tell us what she felt at various points in her hard, proud, distinguished life.

This latest book is one of her minor works, but by no means inconsiderable. She was a great woman, and even her small things have a touch of greatness.

R. D.

PAUSE, a Sketch Book by Emily Carr—pp. 148 with 39 sketches — *Clarke, Irwin* — $3.00.

Dumb Chums

PEOPLE WHO LIKE to read about dogs will be happy with Ilse Bischoff's book about how she became a dog-lover. It began when she bought a dachshund puppy as a present for a friend, and then found that she could not bear to part with it. In time she got another dachshund, and later still she became owner of four poodles. Her book is strengthened by its lack of sentimentality; this is animal love without gush. The illustrations, both the photographs and Miss Bischoff's own drawings, are charming.

Beth Brown's book appears at first glance to be a handbook for dog-owners. It covers many important matters about choosing and training a dog, and a few which are less important, such as training in welcoming company, and the site for its grave. But the book is cast in a sentimental strain, it avoids such words as bitch and whelp (which dog experts do not do) and its says nothing about mating your dog or caring for a bitch in whelp. It is not as complete, therefore, as a good handbook should be and is not, as the subtitle suggests, "for *all* dog lovers."

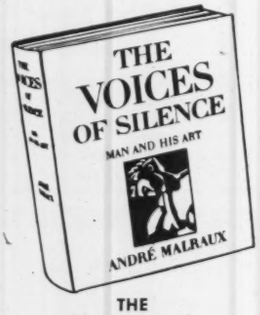
R. D.

DRIVE SLOWLY, SIX DOGS—by Ilse Bischoff pp. 162 with photographs and line drawings—*Macmillan*—$4.50.

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK—by Beth Brown—pp. 210 with drawings—*Winston*—$3.75.

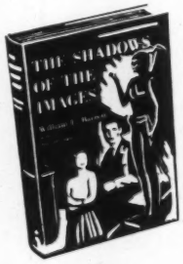
The finest gift selections in the world of books...

DOUBLEDAY



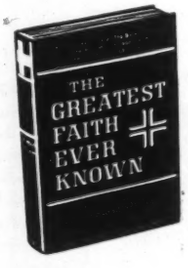
THE
VOICES OF SILENCE
By ANDRE MALRAUX

A tremendous art book of 663 pages, with 450-odd illustrations, many in full colour, chosen from all ages and every corner of the earth. In this penetrating study of art Malraux has written . . . a work of sheer genius. "One of the really great books of our time."—Edmund Wilson. "Perhaps the greatest collection of man's art ever put together in one work." N.Y. Times.
$27.50



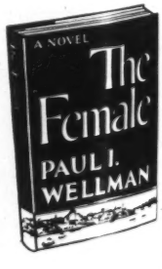
THE
SHADOWS OF THE IMAGES
A Novel of Temptation
By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

A compelling novel of good and evil in a whirlpool of clashing loyalties, religious faith and social justice . . . and the poisoning of a lifelong trust between two brothers by the lying and selfish wife of one of them.
$4.50



THE
GREATEST FAITH EVER KNOWN
By FULTON OURSLER and April Oursler Armstrong

Here is the story of the Apostles and how they spread the Faith. Jailors and prisoners . . . kings and priests . . . voyages and shipwrecks . . . prisons and escapes . . . vividly lived again in this story from the most exciting pages of Christian history. By the author of "The Greatest Story Ever Told" and "The Greatest Book Ever Written".
$4.50



THE
FEMALE
By PAUL I. WELLMAN

The incredible and dramatic career of the Empress Theodora of 6th Century Byzantium. The wanton Theodora is brought to vivid life, scheming and plotting her way from the degradation of life on the Street of Thirty Thousand Women to the seat of power she held for sixteen years. There are beggars and thieves, princes and heroes in this story of a woman who triumphed in a world of men.
$4.50

E. M. Forster and India

AN INTIMATE DOCUMENTATION of a work of art is a rare thing. The *Hill of Devi*, therefore, is a rare book. Its avowed purpose is to commemorate an Indian prince whom Forster believed to be a genius and perhaps a saint, and to describe a little-known patch of Central India which Forster knew intimately. Its incidental glimpses of the raw material of a great English novel will pique the curiosity of all who are interested in the working of the artistic consciousness.

E. M. Forster was in his early thirties and had published four of his five novels when he first saw the Hill of Devi in 1912 as a tourist. In 1921 he saw the Hill of Devi again when he returned to Dewas State Senior as temporary Private Secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas. With him on the second visit went the early chapters, begun in England, of a novel on India. Forster found, however, that he could not write about India while in India. There his book seemed to "wilt and go dead". Back in England it revived, and in 1924 *A Passage to India* was published.

As a European in the employ of a native prince, Morgan Forster dressed in Indian clothes, ate Indian food, and willingly followed the Maharajah's instruction to regard himself as an Indian when meeting white Government officials. He participated in the great Hindu festival of Gokul Ashtami. Closer acquaintance increased his feeling of deep friendship for his Indian master. On one occasion Forster found himself openly insulted by visiting white government officials who resented his anomalous position.

But Forster was not playing at a masquerade. He writes of this adventure as "the great opportunity of my life". His temperament was tuned to the experience. Intellectually detached and emotionally sensitive, his mind and heart unreservedly open to exotic impression and new understanding, full of kindness and humor, he observed all the subtle nuances of human behavior in his new surroundings. No detail was so trifling as to escape his interest. The Rajah made a pun on his name which was "too indecent, too silly. But gay, gay."

Forster was searching for the hidden springs of the Hindu and Moslem characters, for the mysterious character of the land that presented hundreds of Indias to the outward eye. He had the same talent as T. E. Lawrence for identifying himself with the Oriental way of thinking and feeling while still remaining intellectually and emotionally aloof, of remaining, in fact, himself. He was storing, above and below the surface of his consciousness, the seeds for future development.

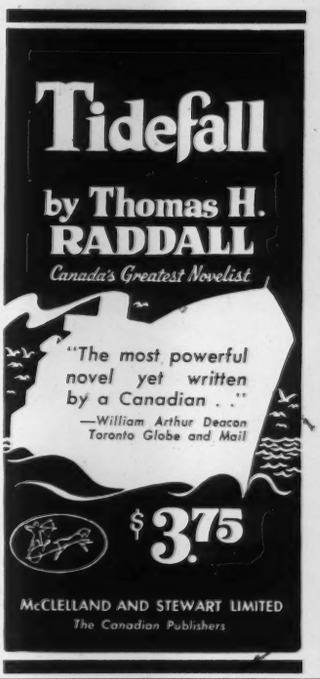
E. M. FORSTER

A profoundly interesting book in itself, *The Hill of Devi* becomes an exciting book when read with *A Passage to India* in mind. Though *The Hill of Devi* naturally gives no indication of the form of the sonata-like novel which was to emerge from these experiences, it teems with hints of the principal themes.

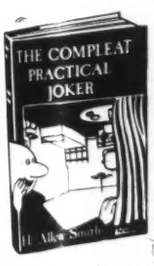
The Maharajah's bad taste in things occidental becomes that of Aziz; the waterless system for watering the Dewas garden is tranferred to Fielding's garden; the black cobra that proved to be only the gnarled stump of a toddy-palm in *A Passage to India* is described in *The Hill of Devi* as typical of the way incidents always belie their appearance in India. In the latter book, too, is the original scene of the Krishna birth-rites festival which caused Forster to decide that what Christianity lacks is laughter and merriment. The Rajah, the Darlings, Colonel Wilson and Forster himself give fragmentary evidence in the letters of 1912 and 1921 of the imaginary characters to come: Aziz, Professor Godbole, Fielding, Mrs. Moore and her children. At the top of Devi, stone steps lead to the dark cave of the goddess Chamunda of unknown origin. In *The Hill of Devi* Forster is intrigued with the original ghost incident which has such crucial significance in the plot of *A Passage to India*, the accident with supernatural overtones in which a mysterious animal damaged the car that was carrying Ronny and Adela. Forster explained away most of what appeared at times to be a super-normal faculty in the Maharajah, but "in the case of the Sipra animal there is an unexplained residuum". That "unexplained residuum" was one subject of Forster's search in India, and a basic theme in *A Passage to India*.

No reader of the novel can ignore the compelling irony that enters his consciousness at all levels. There are glimpses of this in *The Hill of Devi*, though it grew and clarified with distance. The irony echoes in the blind distrust generated among Hindu and Moslem and white and "pinko-grey", in the constant disparity between appearance and reality, heart and head, action and intention. India was, perhaps, like the Maharajah himself, "unknown and possibly unknowable".

More interesting than the identity of some of the material in both books is the difference in quality between the factual observation and its inclu-



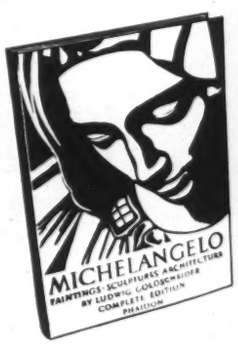
WINTER
by CORNELIUS OSGOOD
WINTER
the challenge of the NORTH
Snow, ice, wind and cold, the necessity to survive by hand in the far north of Canada is only one side of this strange and haunting story by Cornelius Osgood. Here is a unique record of the impact of loneliness and the primitive world on a civilized, social, educated man.
Illustrated by Jean Day Zallinger, this book makes fascinating reading for the lover of real life adventure.
PRICE $4.50
. . . ABOUT CANADA
A McLEOD BOOK



THE COMPLEAT PRACTICAL JOKER

By H. ALLEN SMITH

An anthology of the most hilarious sports and japes by the world's greatest pranksters, like Alexander Woollcott, Anatole France, Harry Zanuck, Lord Halifax, Westbrook Pegler, The Flying Buddha and others. All masters of the contrived, the subtle and the original practical joke. $3.50

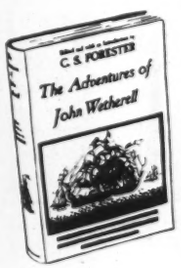


MICHELANGELO

By LUDWIG GOLDSCHEIDER

A beautiful art book that is also an indispensable standard reference. The book contains illustrations of all the master's work — Paintings, Sculptures, Architectures . . . everything except the drawings. The fine quality of the reproductions and the beauty of the detail will appeal both to the professional and the general art lover.

A Phaidon Book. $8.50

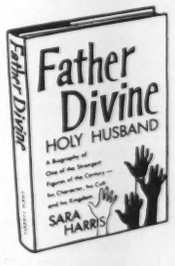


THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN WETHERELL

By JOHN WETHERELL

Edited by C. S. Forester

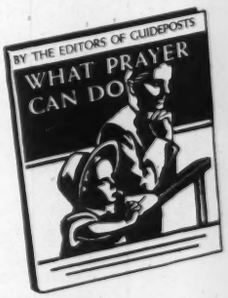
The picaresque adventures of a British seaman who skylarked his way through shipwreck and imprisonment makes a tale as refreshing as a novel by C. S. Forester. Taken from the author's own diaries, the story captures the surge and excitement of life during the days of the great sailing ships. $5.50



FATHER DIVINE, HOLY HUSBAND

By SARA HARRIS and Harriett Crittenden

One of the most fantastic figures of our times . . . Father Divine . . . God to half a million followers, says he "was combusted one day in 1900 on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 134th Street". A "rags to riches" tale that will startle, fascinate and amuse. $4.50



WHAT PRAYER CAN DO

By the Editors of Guideposts with an introduction

By NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

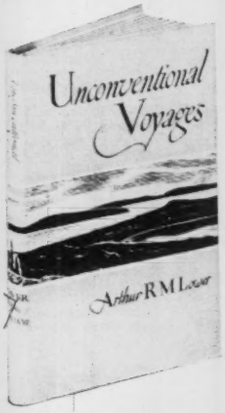
A positive affirmation of the power of prayer to transform our daily lives. This inspiring book tells us when to pray and how to pray . . . shows us its many forms in the lives of people about us. A book that will both move and inspire. Amply illustrated. $3.25

THE ITALIAN PAINTERS of The RENAISSANCE

By BERNARD BERENSON

Berenson has been called "the greatest art critic since Ruskin" and his book on the Renaissance "in style and authority a classic". In this book he discusses the great painters of the Renaissance with an infectious enthusiasm that cannot help but inspire the reader. The book is lavishly illustrated with 400 illustrations, many in full colour. $6.50

These New Books Make Perfect Gifts



UNCONVENTIONAL VOYAGES

By Arthur R. M. Lower. Voyages in various craft from freight canoe to warship by Canada's sensational historian. $3.50.

FATHER, GOD BLESS HIM

By E. A. Corbett. Brilliant, entertaining, witty. This father brought up eight children on $800.00 a year. $2.50.

HOLBROOK OF THE SAN

By Marjorie Freeman Campbell. Excellently-written biography of the head of the Mountain Sanatorium, Hamilton. $4.50.

INK ON MY FINGERS

By J. H. Cranston. Recollections of fifty years in Canadian journalism by the former editor of the *Star Weekly*. $4.00.

GREEN THUMBS

By Roscoe A. Fillmore. Discusses gardening under Canadian conditions. Invaluable to the home owner. $4.00.

ON TO THE SUNSET

By Ethel Burnett Tibbits. Breath-taking pioneer stories of Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and B.C. $3.50.

At Your Bookseller's

THE RYERSON PRESS

sion in a great imaginative conception. Small details undergo unlimited expansion, big ideas are transfigured, all submit to the dominant pattern of symbol and theme and gain their significance from it.

In *The Hill of Devi*, Mr. Forster mentions *A Passage to India* only once. At the end of the letters written in 1921, he inserts a brief note to tell when the novel was written, before concluding the story of Dewas State Senior and its Maharajah. Readers who have felt the powerful impact of *A Passage to India* will hear its echoes all through *The Hill of Devi*.

M. A. H.

THE HILL OF DEVI: Being Letters From Dewas State Senior—by E. M. Forster—pp. 176, illustrations—*MacMillan*—$3.00.

Poems New and Old

THE EMPHASIS is on pleasure in the newest collection of Canadian poems, *Twentieth Century Canadian Poetry*. With the freedom of approach characteristic of a Westerner, Earle Birney has swept dates away and arranged this poetry of the present century in topical groups, placing primary emphasis on that organic whole, the individual poem.

Marjorie Pickthall and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, for example, mingle with E. J. Pratt, Robert Finch, P. K. Page, and many others in the latter half of the book where their subjects happen to place them, rather than being boxed off in chronological order closer to the beginning. Their poems are barely represented. This casual treatment of the established poets whose fame for so long unduly overshadowed the poets of the twenties and thirties gives this anthology balance and perspective. On the other hand, the reader can still find *Père Lalement* or *In Flanders Fields* among such present-day poems as *Finale* by Douglas LePan, *North Star West* by Earle Birney, and *O Contemporaries* by Louis Dudek.

Twentieth Century Canadian Poetry includes a poem which Dr. Birney describes as "one of the most popular poems ever written in Canada" It is *The Cremation Of Sam McGee* by Robert Service, and the reasons for its popularity are obvious. In simple rhythm its verses tell a story of fantastic humor in which tragi-comic matter and serious-flippant manner are evenly matched. The result is good and has been justly applauded.

Robert Service's newest volume, *Songs for my Supper*, shows traces of both the fantastic humor and the versifier's skill, but the two are never matched. Most of the verses are sodden little melodramas designed to fit a page and fetch a tear or a sigh or a smile from those who can remain unaware of their bathos, or who can relish their vulgarity sauced with a tough kind of sentimentality.

While Robert Service was applying his Kiplingesque manner to the wild incidents and characters of the Yukon gold-rush, another emigrant from the Old World was applying a style of classical restraint to the faintly-breathing heroes of ancient Greece and Rome. George Santayana's *The Poet's Testament* consists mainly of two plays written during his earlier Harvard days of the nineties and revised half a century later in Rome. A comedy, *The Marriage of Venus*, is a delightful consideration of the nature of the goddess who seems to be conceived by the poet in terms of Botticelli's subtle golden enchantress. A tragicomedy, *Philosophers At Court*, has for its subject an incident in Plato's life and the place of philosophers in human society. In both, the lucent verse which gives old imagery new life is choice reading for those who enjoy the literary savor and the mild irony of the cool classical viewpoint. The plays are literary rather than dramatic. The volume opens with a handful of delicate translations and poems which are dominated by four rich sonnets and the exquisite poem which gives this book its title.

The lyrics in *Bread Out of Stone* by Scharmel Iris are old in a different sense again, for their publication has been delayed for twenty years by the loss of the manuscript. This slight volume would have appeared to better advantage if that part of the manuscript which contained the Preface by William Butler Yeats and the Epilogue by Oliver St. John Gogarty had remained lost. Work of real artistic worth is no more convincing when presented to the public framed in the meaningless flattery of famous names, especially when those famous men have committed follies of hyperbole.

Most of Iris's poems are Celtic moods expressed in polished verse. These lyrics have the superficial charm of the whimsical Irish kind that overflows with stars and stones, but there is little of the strength imparted by originality or ambiguity. There are stars and stones in the poetry of Theodore Roethke, too, but the mood is masculine and the verse full of sinews. His latest volume, *The Waking*, collects poems of the last twenty years in three phases. The earliest gives evidence of deep sensitivity to the natural world with intimations of metaphysical perceptions to come and of explorations to be made. No comment can be offered here on the second group, which comprises almost half the book, for it is obscure beyond this reader's comprehension. A small group of new poems, with which the volume concludes, is, perhaps, an indication that the poet has found his mature style. The delicate romanticism, sensuous beauty, and hard mental quality of the early poems combine here with fluid form and dry, precise imagery to leave the reader full of regret that the last group is so small. A poet of substance and originality is recognizable here.

M.A.H.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CANADIAN POETRY: An Anthology—by Earle Birney—pp. 127, Introduction, Notes, and Index—*Ryerson*—$4.00.

SONGS FOR MY SUPPER—by Robert Service—pp. 192—*McClelland & Stewart*—$2.75.

THE POET'S TESTAMENT: Poems and Two Plays—by George Santayana—pp. 216—*Reginald Saunders*—$4.45.

BREAD OUT OF STONE—by Scharmel Iris, with Preface by William Butler Yeats and Epilogue by Oliver St. John Gogarty—pp. 62—*Reginald Saunders*—$4.75.

THE WAKING: Poems 1933-1953—by Theodore Roethke — pp. 120 — *Doubleday* — $3.35.

J. S. WOODSWORTH

A MAN TO REMEMBER

by **Grace MacInnis**

"No individual has had a greater influence on the way Canadians live".
— Blair Fraser

Another outstanding biography!

At your bookseller's **$4.50**

MACMILLAN

The gracious, happy atmosphere of the Elliot households greets you again in

THE HEART OF THE FAMILY

By **ELIZABETH GOUDGE**

Another delightful and gracious story about the warm-hearted lovable Elliot family. Once more we are aware of the wisdom of Lucilla Elliot—the charm of her grandchildren, as we visit Damerosehay and enchanting Herb-of-Grace.

at all Booksellers **$3.00**

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario

COMMUNISM vs DEMOCRACY

FIRE IN THE ASHES

EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY

BY THEODORE WHITE

This is the history behind the headlines, as startling, stimulating and exciting as only the truth can be. Mr. White gives a brilliantly vivid picture of events in Europe during the last eight years. Here is the true story of the surge of Communism, the 'cold war' between Russia and the United States and their struggle for the control of 250,000,000 Europeans. No student of world events can afford to miss this book.

PRICE $5.00

CO-AUTHOR OF THUNDER OUT OF CHINA

A Book of the Month Club Selection

A McLEOD BOOK

They say . . . .

"Action, suspense and good pace"—*Toronto Daily Star*

"You will . . . never forget it"—*Windsor Star*

. . . it's terrific

A. J. Cronin's

BEST SELLER

BEYOND THIS PLACE

$3.95

McCLELLAND AND STEWART

The Canadian Publishers

TAUT
SUSPENSEFUL
STARKLY EXCITING

Do you read for excitement? For stimulation? For those occasional moments of crisis in which men and women reveal themselves utterly? You will find all these dynamic qualities in this important new novel . . . the most mature and powerful Ernest Gann has yet written.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY

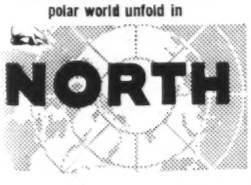
BY
EARNEST K. GANN
author of
FIDDLER'S GREEN etc.

6th Large Printing
A Book of the Month Club Selection

A McLEOD BOOK

PRICE $3.75

The Nature and Drama of the polar world unfold in



By KAARE RODAHL

Adventure, history, the revelation of natural wonders are nicely blended in this absorbing account of the weird allure of the arctic vastness. From the early heroes to the pioneering flight to the ice island T-3, in which Dr. Rodahl took part, this story breathes the magic of the north, the compelling attraction of a new Frontier.

At all Booksellers $3.75
Illustrated

The MUSSON BOOK COMPANY Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

Thoughts On Fiction

EVERYBODY WHO writes a story must have some set of notions about how to tell a tale which might be glorified with the name of a philosophy of fiction. Some very great writers have been theorizers as well, and have left us records of how they worked, what rules they made for themselves, and how they faced the problems which serious writing brings up. French writers have been particularly communicative on these matters, and the artistic philosophies of Maupassant, Proust and Gide are in print for anyone who desires them. Among English writers Stevenson, Conrad and Henry James have told us much that is interesting, and sometimes helpful, to writers who seek to be like them. Among recent books on the higher art of fiction, one by Robert Liddell, called *A Treatise On the Novel*, was distinguished by its good sense and good taste, and so we turn with interest to his latest book, which is called *Some Principles of Fiction*.

As we take up this book, however, we are conscious that Mr. Liddell's own novels, well-constructed and tastefully written as they are, are not in every respect models which we would recommend to a young writer. His work has every good quality which may be required by study, but it lacks vitality and originality. We know that if two books stand on the shelf, one of them a novel by Robert Liddell and the other a novel by Gerald Kersh, it is towards the book by the tasteless, chaotic but aboundingly vital Kersh that our hand will stray. We know, then, that what Mr. Liddell has to say about fiction will be interesting and illuminating, but that it is not in his power to make us good writers. A hackneyed poem assures us that only God can make a tree, and there is reason to believe that God has also reserved to Himself the knack of making writers. We may expect, however, that Mr. Liddell can help anyone who is a writer already to write rather better than he does at present.

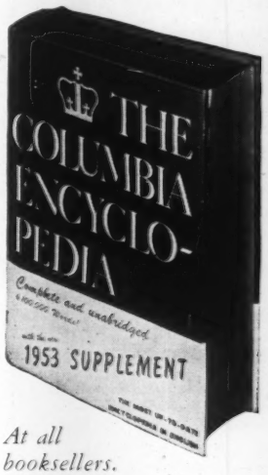
In his first chapter Mr. Liddell tells us why it is more difficult for a writer to choose a subject today than it was a century ago, and as we read disbelief forms in our minds. Life is not, as he believes, really more insecure, or standardized, or lacking in interesting social hazards than it used to be. And the threat of the Atom Bomb, though a nuisance, is not the end of all art; after all, you are just as dead if you choke on a fishbone today as if you are reduced to a fine spray by the atom bomb next week. Mr. Liddell does not seem to recognize that we are all victims of an incurable disease called mortality.

When he gets into the body of his book, however, Mr. Liddell is excellent, and anybody who is interested in fiction as a writer, a reader or a critic can read him with profit. He quotes generously from other writers on the problems of fiction, but he always quotes aptly and illuminatingly. Indeed, it might be said that this is, for writers, a seminal book, for it will make them think afresh about their work.

R. D.

SOME PRINCIPLES OF FICTION—by Robert Liddell—pp. 158—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

A perfect Christmas gift: { *Complete and unabridged with the new* 1953 *SUPPLEMENT*



At all booksellers.

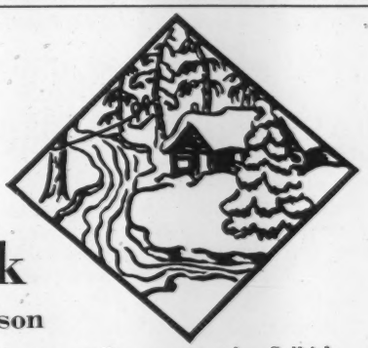
This famous one-volume reference library — its second edition containing over 6,100,000 words — is now the most up-to-date encyclopedia in English with its new 65,000-word supplement. $40.00.

'It is in fact intended, and admirably designed, for the man who wants to be able to lay hands on a single piece of information . . . and wants it to be reliable, easy to find, and intelligibly stated. . . . The new Columbia, even more than the first edition, strives for adequacy on Canadian subjects.'
— Saturday Night.

To those who already have a copy of
THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA, THE 1953 SUPPLEMENT
is available separately, with gummed tape for tipping at the back of the volume: $2.00.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
480 University Avenue — Toronto 2, Ontario

River for my Sidewalk



by Grant Madison

Living in a wilderness valley among the Selkirk Mountains of B.C., Grant Madison describes in full the beauty of the natural world around him and the joys of solitude. His philosophy is one of which the world today is much in need: that happiness "must be looked for within us and not outside". It is a delightful and quite inspiring volume.

At your bookseller's—$2.50

DENT

BOOKS... THAT ARE A PLEASURE TO GIVE A DELIGHT TO RECEIVE

THE LAST GLENCANNON OMNIBUS by Guy Gilpatric. Ten stories and a novelette, with an introduction by Barnaby Conrad. The third and last collection of yarns about the famous chief engineer of the S.S. Inchcliffe Castle. $3.00

EXIT IN GREEN by Martin Brett. Terror and mystery in a little village in the Laurentian foothills. $2.75

SEX AND THE NATURE OF THINGS by N. J. Berrill. One of the world's leading biologists and a professor at McGill, Dr. Berrill writes with wit and wisdom about sex and the pageant of evolution. Illustrated. $4.00

CIRCLE OF THE SEASONS by Edwin Teale. The journal of a naturalist's year, by the author of "North With The Spring". Beautifully illustrated. $4.50

ALPHONSE AND ARCHIBALD . . . Pictures and Story by Ruth Collins. (For boys and girls aged 6 to 8 years). The character of France and England delightfully represented in two wonderful dogs. By the author-artist of "Septimus, The St. Bernard". $2.75

WONDERS OF THE WOODLAND ANIMALS by Jacquelyn Berrill. Mrs. Berrill describes and pictures those details which make furry creatures different, astonishing or amusing. For anyone aged 8 to 80. $2.75

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1952-1953 edited by Louis Kronenberger. A distinguished new editor enlivens the famous Burns Mantle series with ten "Best Performances" and adds outstanding sets and costumes to the photographic section. With numerous drawings by Hirshfield. $5.00

Dodd, Mead and Company
(Canada) Limited,
TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE GIFT THAT'S A COMPLIMENT . . .

A BOOK FROM McCLELLAND & STEWART

FICTION . . .

Lexy O'Connor by Audrey McKim. The lighthearted story of a young school teacher. $3.00

The Only Sin by Anne Powers. The eighteenth century, India and adventure. $4.50

The Lost General by Elswyth Thane. A delightful modern romance. $4.00

The Marmot Drive by John Hersey. An extraordinary drama. $4.00

The Train in the Meadow by Robert Nathan. A unique blend of satire and sentiment. $3.00

NON-FICTION . . .

The Hockey Book by Bill Roche. Thrilling hockey yarns by great players and sports writers. $3.95

Pardon My Parka by Joan Walker. A Canadian mining town, an English bride, and a sense of humor. $3.00

The Wild Place by Kathryn Hulme. An UNRRA Official's story of the Displaced. (Atlantic Award) $4.25

Apes and Ivory by Joy Packer. The Author of Pack and Follow writes of Africa. $4.25

Our Secret Allies: The Peoples of Russia, by Eugene Lyons. An expert appraisal. $5.00

Man, Time and Fossils by Ruth Moore. Great discoveries of biology and anthropology. $6.50

FOR JUNIORS . . .

Skating for Beginners by Barbara Ann Scott and Michael Kirby. Fully illustrated. $4.00

Boy on Defence by Scott Young. Hockey and suspense—a sequel to "Scrubs on Skates". $2.75

Baby Bee's Second Book by Byng Whitteker. More delightful stories for Small Types. $1.00

a distinguished Christmas Gift

Canada's journal of culture and scholarship

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO QUARTERLY

A critical journal containing articles of general interest on world literature, philosophy, history, and current affairs, and a judicious book review section by leaders in these fields. Two of the four issues contain the annual survey, *Letters in Canada*, evaluating Canadian literature published in the previous year.

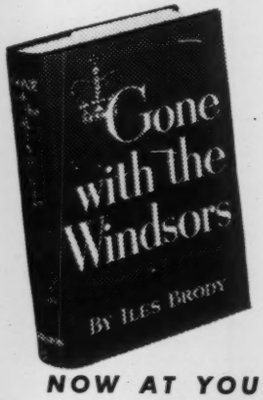
Articles of special interest in recent issues include: *Leonardo, the Man and the Writer*, by Emilio Goggio; *Boswell's Letters at Newhailes*, by Andrew Hoover; *Towards a Theory of Cultural History*, by Northrop Frye; and *Areas of Research in Canadian Literature*, by Desmond Pacey.

Subscription, $3.00 a year; three years, $7.50.

University of Toronto Press

Now On The

BEST SELLER LIST!



As predicted, this controversial book has been both hailed and condemned—but its dramatic story about the man who forfeited a Kingdom for the woman he loved has lifted it to the Best Seller lists.

FROM BRITISH COURT CIRCLES:

- "An important historical document which details the reasons behind the abdication."
- "Many in the Commonwealth would welcome this book. The full story has been clouded by false glamour too long."

BUT certain British newspapers not so well informed about this dramatic chapter in English history are demanding that the book be banned in the U.S. What do you think? Get a copy at your bookstore today!

GONE WITH THE WINDSORS
by Iles Brody

50 Enlightening Illustrations

$3.95

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSELLERS

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO. LIMITED

For The Young

OF THE LARGE number of books for children to appear this season, 23 are considered here. There are several distinguished pieces of work among them, and a few which have been dealt with rather sharply, for reasons which are explained. The divisions of age are loose, for children cannot be fed with precisely the right books for their years, as hogs are scientifically fattened for market. Most children like a book which is, in some respects, a little too old for them. Here goes:

Small Children

WHO GAVE US—by Madeleine Gekiere—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

Even very small children will like this book, and it will give them something of real value at a time when their minds are impressionable. It is a question-and-answer book. On one page is a question, e.g. "Who gave us schools and Olympic games?", and on the next page the answer, "The Greeks". The pictures, which are beautiful and which convey the spirit of each nation wonderfully, make the book. A fine introduction to the art and the "feel" of many nations.

UP AND DOWN THE STREET—by Lisa Fleming, illustrated by Jane Miller—*Oxford*—$2.00.

Susan Up-the Street had a sandbox, and Susan Down-the-Street had a baby sister. Susan Up wanted a sister too, because she wanted to be a baby-sitter when she grew up. A surprise ending makes both the friends happy. The delicate sepia drawings have distinction.

STEPHEN'S TRAIN—by Margaret G. Otto, illustrated by Mary Stevens—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

A rather flatly written book about a little boy's first journey alone on a train. The heavy hand of progressive education seems to have drained all the imagination out of this one.

THE LITTLE BALLOON—by Dorothy Craigie—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.00.

A very successful story about a balloon that has been stored away for many years, but is brought out to collect money at a village fair. It slips its moorings, gets into a storm at sea, is rescued by an aviator, returns to the fair and finds that it does not have to go back to its dark shed. The pictures are delightful, the text is good, and the whole is a fine mingling of gaiety and adventure.

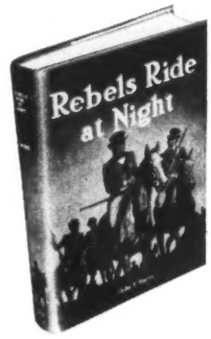
ON A SUMMER DAY—by Lois Lenski—*Oxford*—$1.50.

This pretty little book begins with music for a song, and the pages that follow bear additional verses about children's games, which are shown in pleasant pictures. Useful for pre-school classes and organized play.

TOMMY AND DEE-DEE—by Len Liang—*Oxford*—$1.75.

A wee book for wee people, spreading international goodwill on a wee level. It is made up of very jolly pictures of a small American boy and his small Chinese counterpart, showing how much alike they are in their

GIVE THE BOYS AND GIRLS ON YOUR LIST AN ADVENTURE



REBELS RIDE AT NIGHT

by John F. Hayes

(Winner of the Governor-General's Award for A LAND DIVIDED—1951)

Jack Hayes has penned a new tale from Canada's past, set this time, in Toronto in turbulent 1837, with action, intrigue, and mystery to delight every boy and girl. $3.00.

At your Bookseller

THE COPP CLARK CO. LIMITED,
TORONTO

Published in 1952 Still Going Strong

JOHN A. MACDONALD

by Donald Creighton

BUY IT NOW

At your booksellers $5.75

MACMILLAN

FOREIGN EXCHANGE IN CANADA

By Sidney A. Shepherd. A clearly, simply, and attractively written handbook for the ordinary man on present-day foreign exchange operations in Canada. Covers the ground in general outline form, giving the basic principles. For bankers and business men generally. $5.95

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

daily lives, even though their superficial pattern of living is different. In fact, the message that we are all the children of God, expressed in a lively fashion. You can't begin too early to make that clear.

Up To Twelve

NING'S PONY—by Hester Hawkes, illustrated by Kurt Wiese—*Longmans Green*—$2.50.

A Chinese boy named Ning saves a pony named Bo-Lo from being sold because he patiently discovers why Bo-Lo is afraid to cross bridges. Both author and illustrator have lived in China and this may be presumed to give the book authenticity of detail, but it is rather a simple-minded story.

THE DOLL IN THE WINDOW—by Pamela Bianco—*Oxford*—$2.25.

Victoria saves her money to buy Christmas presents for her sisters, but falls in the snow and loses it. She admires a doll in the shop window, and a little Boy Scout buys it for her. She feels badly because she has no presents for her sisters, but on Christmas Day the doll proves to be built on the Chinese-box principle, so there is a doll for each sister as well. This story is told in a tiresomely moral tone, and the book is just saved from utter mediocrity by its charming pictures. The book is supposed to be for children from four to eight, but don't try it on any bright child of more than six.

DANNY'S LUCK—by Lavinia R. Davis, illustrated by Hildegard Woodward—*Doubleday*—$2.75.

Danny's seventh birthday was on Hallowe'en, and he received a donkey as a surprise present. The pictures are in soft Hallowe'en colors, and the background of the Fall countryside and life on the farm is pleasantly presented. A pretty book, and an ideal present for a child with an Autumn birthday.

GETTING TO KNOW KOREA—by Regina Tor—*Longmans Green*—$2.75.

Without lecturing or moralizing, this book tells children about Korea and its people; at the end there is a short table giving the important events in Korean history and the causes of the present war. The text is good, and the line drawings have strength and simplicity. A useful book for parents and teachers, for it encourages international understanding in a way that children will accept and understand.

NO DUCKS FOR DINNER—by Rosalys Hall, illustrated by Kurt Werth—*Oxford*—$2.75.

A delightful and ridiculous story about Monsieur Latour, driver of a French bus on a mountain road, who always said before he drove: "Well, if I live, I live, and if I die, I die". When two of his passengers began to quarrel, Monsieur Latour was delighted, because their ducks escaped to the bird sanctuary which was his special hobby. This is a little book of real character, and an authentic French flavor. The illustrations complement it admirably.

THE BOY JESUS—by Pelagie Doane—*Oxford*—$3.50

The publishers say this story has been handled with reverence; the custodians of the Oxford English Dic-

Hey Ma! I DID IT

by MARGARET AITKEN, M.P.,
and BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, C.B.E.

A gay and lively account of the election in York-Humber last August by Margaret Aitken, M.P., who won it, and Byrne Hope Sanders, C.B.E., who predicted the outcome of this thrilling race with a "photo-finish" in slow motion. Perhaps the first complete documentary of any campaign, this is an invaluable inside story for every male or female citizen 21 or over.

With 12 line drawings by Grassick *220 pp.*

Publication Date: December 1st

At all booksellers $2.50

A CLARKE IRWIN BOOK

Outstanding Gift Books for Boys and Girls

— The Silver Curlew

THE SILVER CURLEW

By *ELEANOR FARJEON*, illustrated by *E. H. SHEPARD*. A leading writer and illustrator have combined their gifts in presenting this enchanting version of the quaint English folk tale of Tom Tit Tot. (9 to 11.) $1.75.

THE BOY JESUS

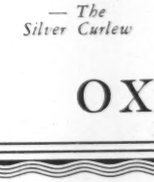
By *PELAGIE DOANE*. A simply-told story of the childhood of Jesus, from His birth in the stable to the day He spoke with the teachers in the temple, illuminated by full-colour illustrations. (6 to 10.) $3.50.

A DOLL IN THE WINDOW

By *PAMELA BIANCO*. Seven-year-old Victoria chooses Christmas presents for her five little sisters, with the help of a painted doll and a Cub Scout. (6 to 9.) $2.25.

TIM IN DANGER

Written and illustrated by *EDWARD ARDIZZONE*. This new adventure, filled with a salt-sea tang, recounts the most exciting episode in the chronicles of the remarkable Tim. (6 to 10.) $2.25.



— The Silver Curlew

MICHELANGELO

By *ELIZABETH RIPLEY*. In sculpture, architecture, and painting, Michelangelo triumphed as one of the greatest artists of all time. As in Mrs. Ripley's *Leonardo da Vinci*, his story is revealed through pictures of his own works of art. (10 to 16.) $3.25.

SIMON

By *ROSEMARY SUTCLIFF*, illustrated by *RICHARD KENNEDY*. An exciting account of the Civil Wars in England by the author of *The Chronicles of Robin Hood*, *The Queen Elizabeth Story*, *The Armourer's House*, and *Brother Dusty-Feet*. (11 and up.) $2.50.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

the gift of a lifetime

The Nonesuch Shakespeare

Here is the gift incomparable — one that will be treasured for a lifetime.

First published in seven volumes and priced at over $200.00, this famous edition of the Complete Works has now been newly issued in four volumes at a fraction of the original price.

Beautifully bound in quarter buckram with marbled cloth sides, the three volumes of plays are on opaque India paper, the fourth volume containing the poems on matching Japan vellum.

By special permission, the edition has been dedicated to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Wood engravings are by Reynolds Stone.

SET OF FOUR VOLUMES $35.00

At all booksellers.

BRITISH BOOK SERVICE
KINGSWOOD HOUSE
1068 BROADVIEW AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
• FOR BOOKS •

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes. Bookbuyers throughout the world praise and recommend this bookshop.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON, ENGLAND

Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

THE LATEST JALNA NOVEL BY
MAZO DE LA ROCHE

The Whiteoak Brothers

JALNA 1923

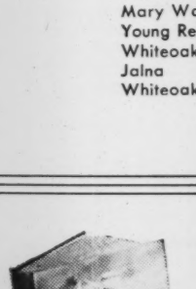
The family tries to make an easy fortune on the stock market, and Renny is pursued by a romantic cousin.

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER'S $3.75

Also available from your bookseller each $1.89

The Building of Jalna
Mary Wakefield
Young Renny
Whiteoak Heritage
Jalna
Whiteoaks of Jalna
Finch's Fortune
The Master of Jalna
Whiteoak Harvest
Wakefield's Course
Return to Jalna
Renny's Daughter

MACMILLAN
70 Bond St., Toronto



OAKVILLE AND THE SIXTEEN

The History of an Ontario Port

BY HAZEL C. MATHEWS

In this fascinating addition to Canadian local history Mrs. Mathews, descendant of a pioneer Oakville family, traces with care and affection the development of an old lake port which is typical of the story of much of Southern Ontario and pictures social life at the various stages of the town's development. 93 illustrations. $10.00

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: A PORTRAIT, 1853-1953

Edited by Claude T. Bissell. Six famous graduates tell of the early history of the college, the building itself, its staff and students over a hundred years, and the educational idea it embodies. With 8 magnificent drawings of the college building by Selwyn Dewdney. $2.50

HIGHLAND SETTLER

By Charles W. Dunn. This warm and moving story of the folk-culture of the brave, poetic people in the Gaelic-speaking settlements of Nova Scotia penetrates deep under the skin of a Canadian region. "A first-class job of getting out the rich lore of the Highland traditions."— CBC. $4.00

at all booksellers

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

tionary should be more careful in their use of words. This is a treacly version of the childhood of Christ, and the kind of thing which turns sturdy-minded children against religion.

THE SILVER CURLEW—by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by E. H. Shepard—*Oxford*—*$2.25.*

This brilliantly successful book is a re-telling of the Norfolk folktale of Tom-Tit-Tot, who spun twelve skeins of flax in half an hour to save the Queen of Norfolk's head, but demanded her hand in marriage if she did not guess his name in nine tries. Miss Farjeon has built up a group of wonderful characters for this embroidered version of the story, and children will love Poll, the Queen's younger sister (who is brown as a nut, bright as a button, and sharp as a needle) and King Nollekens, who has a double nature and can't help it. The writer, who is an old hand with musical plays, has brought fine dramatic zest to this book, and it is such wonderful reading-aloud that adults will be pleased to repeat it. Mr. Shepard's pictures are, as always, tender and beautiful without sentimentality. This book should become a child's classic, or there is no justice.

Over Twelve

THE BLACKBIRD AND THE LILAC—by James Reeves, illustrated by Edward Ardizzone—*Oxford*—*$2.25.*

That rarest of commodities, real poetry for children, in a beautifully printed and illustrated book. These verses are full of imagination and style, never degenerate into sentimentality, and have that down-to-earth quality which children like in poetry. It is not too much to compare this with Walter de la Mare, and it deserves to become a child's classic.

PENNY TRIUMPHANT—by A. Stephen Tring, illustrated by T. R. Freeman—*Oxford*—*$1.75.*

Just the kind of "dreams of glory" book that nice girls love. Penny gets herself involved with some film stars, persuades them to help a local charity, solves a mystery at her school, and all in a believable fashion. The writing has a very pleasant quality, and girls who talk like Penny will agree that it is a wizard story.

REBEL ON THE TRAIL—by Lyn Cook, illustrated by Ruth M. Collins—*Macmillan*—*$2.75.*

A good junior novel about the Rebellion of 1837, which will give Canadian children a knowledge of their own history, painlessly. It is not written down for the young, but is admirably accommodated to their outlook on life. Deserves to be popular.

BOY ON DEFENCE—by Scott Young—*McClelland & Stewart*—*$2.75.*

An excellent story about Canadian school hockey by a writer who knows as much about his craft as about hockey. It is a sequel to *Scrubs On Skates*, with the same Winnipeg high school boys, coach and sports reporter—and a ferocious newcomer named Armstrong who expects to make, but nearly breaks, the team. Armstrong gnaws the heart of defenceman hero Bill Spunska, now with a year on skates behind him. Lots of incident, much good sentiment and sense, and no mush. A superior Canadian novel for boys.

THE HORSE FAMILY—by Dorothy Childs Hagner, illustrated by Nils Hagner—*Oxford*—*$2.75.*

A good reference book for the child whose interest is horses. Though written in English which is often clumsy and sometimes careless ("Lilliput" does not mean "dwarf", for instance), it is simple and straightforward, and gives the history and varieties of the horse in a form which children will like.

BY SPECIAL REQUEST—edited by Noel Streatfield—*Collins*—*$3.00.*

Nineteen stories for girls, written especially for this book by some of the best writers of children's fiction of our day; five illustrators have also collaborated. For many girls the name of Noel Streatfield, who introduces the book, and writes a note about each story, is a guarantee of excellence.

MYSTERY OF THE HIDDEN BOOK—by Helen Fuller Orton, illustrated by Robert Doremus—*Longmans Green*—*$2.50.*

Mrs. Orton is an old hand at this sort of thing, and has 27 books for children in print. This one is without distinction of any sort, but some children obviously like what she writes. The hidden book is a first American edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, which Stanley and Victoria are asked to find in the house of a professor. They do so in 119 flat-footed pages.

A BOW IN THE CLOUD—by Margherita Fanchiotti, illustrated by Moyra Leatham—*Oxford*—*$2.00.*

Without sentimentality or phoney reverence, this child's novel tells the story of Noah and his Ark, from the point of view of two child passengers. Lots of detail about animals, and fine characterizations of the Biblical characters give life and immediacy to the story. A distinguished piece of work, miles away from the conventional Sunday School approach, and with particularly good illustrations.

BENNETT HIGH—by Marguerite Dickson—*Longmans Green*—*$3.50.*

A "junior novel" about a snobbish girl who goes to a high school when most of her friends go elsewhere; gradually she is won to a more democratic view of life. Very upstanding and clean living, and presents a rosy picture of American high school life, but of no literary consequence. Adolescent minds need stronger meat than this.

MEETING IN THE MOUNTAINS—by John B. Prescott—*Longmans Green*—*$3.25.*

This book is of fine literary quality and children of widely different ages will enjoy it on different levels of understanding. It tells, in a truly poetic style, of the Indians who vanished before the coming of the Indian tribes of which we have knowledge. Akona, son of Corn Planter and Desert Woman, leads his companions into a safer land than the one they inhabit, and the writer has conveyed strong, deep emotion with fine directness and simplicity. A notable tale of struggle, death and rescue.

LOUISA MATHEWS

Business

Shortage of Tradesmen Menace to Industry

By L. J. SPARROW

A SERIOUS PROBLEM in human resources faces Canada's rapidly expanding industries. The supply of skilled tradesmen falls far short of present needs and the number of apprentices in training will not approach the expected demands of the next few years. Failure to train sufficient apprentices has placed us in this precarious position.

These facts are being brought to the public's attention through wide publicity in the Press and through Government publications and radio broadcasts. The situation is not new nor is it confined to Canada.

Reports of the first North American Conference on Apprenticeship, held in August, 1953, show that the shortage of skilled mechanics is causing grave concern in the United States. Farther afield, a recent survey by the International Labor Office found that Western Europe faces a shortage of many types of skilled craftsmen for years to come. It is, therefore, apparent that Canadian industry can no longer rely upon immigration as a primary source of supply of skilled workers.

What has caused this shortage of skilled workers? One fact is certain: Canadian industry has expanded more rapidly since 1939 than during any previous period and unfortunately, training facilities for workers have not increased in proportion to the demand for skilled tradesmen. Then during World War II many of Canada's finest young men were serving in the armed services when, under normal conditions, many of them would have been serving their apprenticeship in the construction or manufacturing industries. As most of the skilled-trade apprenticeships are for periods of four years the shortage of apprentices during 1939 to 1945 resulted in a shortage of young journeymen four years later during the period 1943-49.

Another reason for the shortage of skilled workers during 1943-49 was that during the war years large numbers of boys left school to seek high wages in industry instead of completing their education and seeking apprenticeship opportunities. This process continued during the rapid industrial expansion following 1945. Even today, many boys seek the jobs with the biggest pay envelopes rather than developing skills which, in the long run, will better provide for their own future advancement and greatly increase their contribution to the human wealth of the country.

When considering the period of 1939 to 1945, it should be recognized that conditions were critical and long-term apprenticeship was not the order of the day. Apprenticeship training declined and short-term emergency training programs were set up in technical schools and factories. The purpose of these short-term programs was quick training of such specialists as machine operators and assemblers for the maximum war-time production effort that enabled us to out-produce and eventually defeat our enemies. While this purpose was achieved magnificently, the short-term training did not produce many competent craftsmen for the long-term industrial expansion which followed.

Why hasn't industry trained more skilled tradesmen during the period from 1945 to the present? Industry at large stands to benefit by having an adequate supply of skilled workers and yet it has neglected to provide sufficient training facilities to meet the needs, which is probably the reason why industry has recently been accused of being indifferent towards apprenticeship training. Fortunately, this accusation does not apply to all of the construction or manufacturing industries in this country.

During the past 50 years many Canadian industries have operated apprenticeship systems which have become traditional, and several generations of craftsmen have learned their trades under these apprenticeship systems. Many executives, supervisors, and foremen in these industries started their industrial careers as apprentices, and it is these men who have fostered the growth of training facilities in their companies. Through the years companies such as Canadian General Electric Company, the Ford Motor Company of Canada, the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways and several others have built up enviable reputations for training competent tradesmen. Graduates of their apprentice courses now hold responsible positions in many other Canadian and American industries.

Apprenticeship training in past years has been largely confined to a few of the bigger industries, and it appears to be quite true that Canadian industry on the whole, has, with a few exceptions, been quite indifferent towards its training responsibilities.

In Canada there are two distinct groups of trades requiring apprenticeship. One group consists of the construction and service trades such as Bricklayer, Carpenter, Plasterer, Plumber, Electrician, Sheet Metal Worker, Motor Mechanic and Motor Vehicle Repairer, and the other group comprises the trades found in manufacturing industry.

The conditions of apprenticeship in the construction and service trades are mostly governed by Provincial legislation and these trades are known as "Designated Trades." Apprenticeship Acts in most Provinces provide for fixed ratios regarding the number of apprentices to the number of tradesmen in each designated trade. They also provide for minimum rates of pay for apprentices, establishment of joint labor-management apprenticeship committees and many other regulations applying to apprenticeship.

Statistics as of March, 1952, show that in the Province of Ontario, which employs 37 per cent of all Canadian apprentices in the construction trades, less than 25 per cent of the number of apprentices allowed by ratio was being trained. This could be the reason why a prominent member of the Construction Association recently stated that apathy on the part of employers is largely the reason why so few apprentices are trained.

This is a startling situation because approximately 90 per cent of all financial assistance for apprenticeship training provided by both the Provincial and Federal Governments has been used to aid the construction and service trades. Under this government assistance plan apprentices in the designated trades may attend trade institutes and technical schools throughout Canada for periods varying from two to fifteen months, free of charge during their apprenticeship period, and in addition receive living allowances and transportation costs while attending the schools.

The costs of these full-time classes in trade schools have rapidly mounted during recent years and they are now being carefully scrutinized by the Federal Government. It has been stated on good authority that in Ontario the approximate cost per apprentice trained is $520 which covers two periods of a little more than 8 weeks each in school. Since 1945 there has been an increase in the per capita cost for allowances of 29.1 per cent and during the same period school training costs have increased by 192.5 per cent.

Considering the educational advantages which are available through Government grants to apprentices in the designated trades, it is surprising that so few contractors are training apprentices.

It is evident that trade designation under the apprenticeship acts plus considerable financial assistance pro-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

A MACHINIST instructs an apprentice at the Peterborough plant of Canadian General Electric.

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

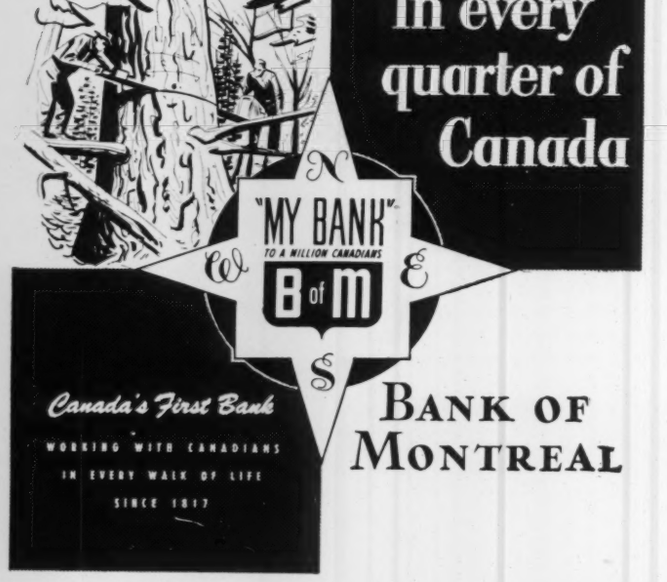
Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

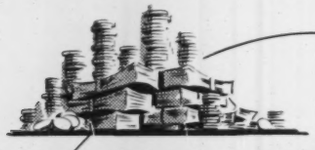
Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada


In every quarter of Canada
"MY BANK"
TO A MILLION CANADIANS
B of M
Canada's First Bank
WORKING WITH CANADIANS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE SINCE 1817
BANK OF MONTREAL

EXECUTORS AND TRUSTEES FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY



substantial savings

may result from the careful planning of your Will. With our assistance you may be able to lessen the impact of Succession Duties on your estate.

THE **ROYAL TRUST** COMPANY

Ask for our Succession Duty booklet.

OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

Gold & Dross

Eastern Metals

K.G.H. I NOW HAVE *a fair amount of Eastern Metals and my trade now shows me a decent profit. Would you please tell me whether I should hold this stock for a further advance or should I sell?—H. L., Montreal.*

From the market action of this stock it would appear that the taking of a profit now would be very good trading tactics. When this stock was last commented on (Sept. 12), we noted that the chart pattern showed very heavy supply existed over the 1.50 mark. After several sinking spells into the 1.15-1.20 level, it was pushed up to 1.64 and distribution has since forced it down to 1.35. This action adds considerable reinforcement to the previous estimate of the chart position of this stock and it still appears to be a sale on rallies.

Interprovincial Pipe Line

E. I AM *the holder of shares in the Interprovincial Pipe Line Co. It is now paying a semi-annual dividend of 15 cents per share. With the completion of the extension to Sarnia, what are the possibilities of an increase in the dividend?—S. D. O., Toronto.*

In view of the heavy construction costs with which the company has been faced in the expansion of its facilities and the heavy cost ($2,715,893 in 1952) of carrying the funded debt, which was increased by $60 million of 4 per cent series "C" bonds this year, it seems doubtful that any increase in the dividend can be expected for quite some time.

The competitive conditions existing in the world's oil markets will likely increase the amount of oil entering Canada through the Montreal-Portland pipeline. The centre of oil demand, and therefore the point of price determination, in Canada is Toronto, where lines from both Sarnia and Montreal terminate. The competition for markets will either force a reduction in the price of Canadian crudes at Sarnia or force a greater amount of products from the Montreal refineries into the Toronto area market.

As pipeline earnings depend entirely upon the volume of oil pumped through them, it does not appear, from these several factors that the flow through this line will be increased greatly in the near future. The price action of the stock, with the recovery from 17¾ evidently topping out under 21¾ and pointing towards another test of the low, seems to be reflecting this.

East Lun Mines

PLEASE ADVISE *if shares of East Lun Mines, bought at 11 cents, are of any value now. I have not been able to locate the stock in the market quotations. Is the company still active?—M. R. M., Menihek, Labrador.*

East Lun is presently quoted at three cents. At last report the company was planning some development work on the uranium prospect in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan. As no results have been reported from the property, it is impossible even to guess what the situation is.

It might wind up as one of your souvenirs, and then again there is the possibility that a few good drill holes might produce a flurry in the stock.

Spring Coulee Oils

I PURCHASED *2,000 shares of this stock at 35 cents. It has fallen since to the 9-10 cent bracket. What is the present situation of this company? Do you recommend cutting my losses with a sale at prevailing prices? —G. A. L., Vancouver.*

The outlook for this company appears anything but promising. At last report total assets were shown as $402,296. Current assets of $63,195 included cash of $40,456. Against this were current liabilities of $3,871 and a deficit of $54,027.

While the company holds 920 acres in northern Montana, with net recoverable oil reserves owned by the company of 1,116,000 barrels, and has interests in two wells in Alberta, it is evident that the problem of obtaining sufficient production income is a difficult one for the management to solve.

The total income for the period from August 25, 1950, to February 28, 1953, was $7,035, of which $6,667 was production revenue. Considering the deficit of $54,027, this is clearly inadequate. Without production revenue of sufficient proportions to provide an operating profit, it is evident that the company cannot continue drilling and exploration work unless further capital is obtained by the sale of shares. From the present state of the oil market, with the public much more in a mood to sell stocks than to buy them, the sale of additional shares will be a difficult proposition.

It appears that the best course to follow is to dispose of these shares and take a position in an issue where production revenue is more than in balance with costs. There you may possibly regain your losses.

Canadian Celanese

SOME TIME AGO *I purchased a number of shares in Canadian Celanese at 59. I am much concerned by their depreciation. Would you advise selling or should I hold on in hopes of a recovery?—W. M., Ottawa.*

The extensive decline in the price of this stock, which has carried it down from the 1951 high of 68 to a low of 24, would seem to have discounted most of the difficulties this company, and the Canadian textile industry in general, have encountered.

Several factors have been effective in producing this broad decline. First has been the chronic state of oversupply of textiles in the world caused

by the overbuilding of productive capacity in the reconstruction phase that followed World War II. The premium that has been maintained on the Canadian dollar has added to the difficulties of Canadian mills. It has increased the inducements to textile buyers to buy in the cheapest markets, and has led to a very large advance in imports. For example, the imports of rayon, nylon and similar fabrics, during the first half of this year totalled 15,756,379 square yards compared with the 11,621,568 square yards imported during the same six months in 1952.

This has forced Canadian Celanese to reduce not only operations but prices as well. Where two years ago the price of staple fibre was 55 cents per pound it is now down to 34 cents. As the present price of the stock apparently reflects the possibility of a reduction in dividend payments (in 1952 common share earnings of $2.41 just covered the dividend of $2.40), it would seem advisable to hold your stock for income. Even if the dividend were cut to $1.50 it would still provide a yield of 6.25 per cent at the present price of 24. This compares with the 4.5 per cent yield that was given on the $2.40 dividend when you purchased your stock at 59.

York Oils

WOULD YOU *consider York Oils a good buy at the present time as a speculation?—S. P., Vancouver.*

With working capital of only $64,905 and very limited production revenue, this company does not appear to be an attractive speculation. The quotation of 20 cents and the sporadic trading in the stock give ample evidence of market opinion. The lack of any underwriting options adds another unfavorable factor to the situation, for there will be no motive power to push the price of the stock up towards the 60-cent high that was reached when the distribution of optioned stock was under way in the early part of the year.

To have some oil and some production is not enough. A company, like any person, must take in more than is spent. In this case a loss of $7,878 was reported before any write-offs.

United Oils

WILL YOU *please give me your opinion as to the future of United Oils?—N. M., Calgary.*

The future of this company is tied very closely to the prospects of Federated Petroleums Ltd. United holds 240,395 shares of Federated and also 18,112 shares of Home Oil.

The company is now functioning mainly as a royalty and holding company. It follows the practice of selling or sub-leasing its properties to others for development. The largest properties held by the company are the 200,000 acres in the Williston Basin and the properties held by the subsidiary, Madison Oils, in Montana and North Dakota.

The results of operations so far have not been too productive of income. For the financial period ending December 31, 1952, earnings from royalties amounted to $5,550, interest earned was $31,933 and dividends received $14,729. This gross income total of $52,212 was insufficient to pay the costs of operation and a loss of $1,366 was shown for the period. This brought the cumulative deficit up to $168,673.

Whether 1953 will show much improvement over these figures is, of course, a subject for pure guess. However, some increase seems likely in view of the increased production from Alberta this year.

The outlook for next year indicates that drilling activity in the Williston Basin may slow considerably. The problem of markets for oil from this area is one that greatly concerns the major firms now developing the fields.

To quote J. E. Swearingen, the general manager of production of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana: "The oil producers of the Williston Basin are on the horns of a dilemma. To date there has not been sufficient oil producing capacity developed to fill an economic size pipeline — 100,000 to 200,000 barrels per day—and furthermore the potential purchasers in the Midwest, California and Northwest areas are already amply supplied with crude."

This states the problem succinctly. Both production potential and markets for the production must be developed if an adequate return on the money expended in drilling and exploration is to be made.

Taking Mr. Swearingen's figures, that in 2½ years the oil industry has spent about $200 million in the Williston Basin, and will likely spend another $100 million next year, for a return of only $16 million in oil, it is evident that even the major companies will feel the strain of developing what might be termed "bottled up" production. Thus it appears that the present market price of United Oils is a fair estimate of its potential.

From the market action of the stock, it appears that good support is available in the 55-65 cent range and supply is heavy above 85. Should some event stimulate the oils, such as decisive news on the gas line situation, now expected around the end of this month, it is possible that the stock might push up to around 1.10. At that point, selling would seem advisable.

In Brief

CAN YOU GIVE *me some information on Glenora Mines?—G. A. M., New Waterford, NS.*

The company is inactive.

WOULD YOU ADVISE *holding Emerald Glacier?—M. I. W., Antigonish, NS.*

No.

SHOULD I HOLD *or sell Terrebonne Titanium shares?—B. K., Mount Royal, Quebec.*

Sell them, if you can.

CAN YOU GIVE *any information on Keyho Dome Oils? These shares were purchased in 1941.—F. M., Springhill, NS.*

The company holds some acreage in Keyhoe Lake area, but is inactive.

ARE SHARES *of Chem-Ore Mines of any value?—G. M. G., Newcastle, Ont.*

No value; charter surrendered.

W. P. SNEAD

An Enviable Record

The British American Oil Company Limited is one of the largest fully-integrated oil companies in Canada. Total sales in 1952 reached a record figure in excess of $178 million, while sales in the first 9 months of 1953 were almost 7% above the comparable 1952 level.

We offer, as principals,

The British American Oil Company Limited

3½% Convertible Debentures

Due June 15th, 1962

Denominations, $100, $500 and $1,000

Price, 97.50 and interest to yield 3.84%

Convertible into 4 Common Shares per $100 principal amount to June 15th, 1955, and on varying bases thereafter until maturity.

Interest charges on the Company's debt were earned over 19 times after depreciation last year, and net profit totalled $1.78 per Common Share. Earnings in the first 9 months of 1953 have shown a marked improvement over the same period of 1952.

B. A. Oil has had an enviable record of past success; the Company's Convertible Debentures are an attractive means of participating in its future progress.

Wood, Gundy & Company
Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

IF you have any banking problems

don't hesitate to consult your BNS manager. If it's important to you—it's important to us.

• Your Partner in Helping Canada Grow

The BANK of NOVA SCOTIA

Automobile and General Casualty Insurance
Lumbermens
MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY
Agency Inquiries Invited
Fire and Allied Lines Written in Associated Companies
THE SAFETY MINDED COMPANY

THE *light* TOUCH

will improve your product

Imagination in **DESIGNING . . .** *creates sales-appeal* for your product!

Special skill in **CASTING . . .** *cuts costs* for your product!

Know-how in **MACHINING . . .** *speeds production* of your product!

Facilities for **FABRICATING . . .** *put more profit* into your product!

The highly developed technical skills and experience of our experts, combined with our complete plant facilities, from designing through production and finishing, are available to help you take advantage of the lightness, strength and durability of versatile magnesium. Write our Toronto sales office—find out how the light touch will improve your product.

LIGHT ALLOYS LIMITED

320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.
Subsidiary of Dominion Magnesium Limited.

Noranda Mines, Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable December 15th to shareholders of record November 19th, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
C. H. WINDELER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario.
November 12th, 1953.

Ashley & Crippen

W. M. V. ASH: Round the world with Shell.

Who's Who in Business

IN 24 YEARS' service Vacy Ash's job has taken him to eight different countries. He is now President of the Shell Oil Company of Canada Limited and his career is a good illustration of the international aspect of the oil industry.

A doctor's son, William Matthews Vacy Ash was studying law at Oxford when he felt the tug of far places, and after his graduation (M.A.) in 1929 he abandoned law and joined Shell. Within a few months he was sent to Egypt and for the next eight years travelled about the Middle East acquiring an exhaustive first-hand knowledge of oil and a virtual immunity to sunburn.

In the late thirties, after acquitting himself well in the industry's bitter competitive struggles for world markets, he was appointed assistant to the vice-president in charge of Shell's California production and for the next four years found himself in the thick of even tougher competition.

It was the time of California's great oil boom in the San Joaquin Valley; the companies that grew the richest were the ones that could acquire most acreage. "Sometimes I'd go to see a farmer and find representatives from six other companies already there," Shell of Canada's President recalls. "For a time it provided a fine opportunity to demonstrate how to make friends and influence people. But very shortly after that the businessmen got into the act and from then on we had to buy the land from *them*."

By 1941 Vacy Ash was in New York as executive assistant to the president and one year later, as general manager of Shell Exploration Alberta Limited, he came to Canada —but not to stay. Another short spell in New York prepared him for a West Indies' post and from 1945 to 1948 he managed Shell's subsidiary, United British Oilfields of Trinidad Limited. While in Trinidad he had a chance to show his administrative talent as a member of the Island's Legislative Council and as president of the Petroleum Association of Trinidad. The diplomacy he learned during that spell, coupled with the law experience of his Oxford years and the French he had picked up at Grenoble University, made him an appropriate choice for president of Shell of Canada when the position fell vacant five years ago.

Shell of Canada's 47-year-old President has the appearance and manner of the Briton (he was born in Dunfermline, Scotland), the genial good humor of a Canadian business executive, and the cosmopolitanism of a world traveller.

Last year, in addition to the ground he covered in his black Cadillac car, he travelled 30,000 miles by air—entertaining himself with detective and western stories on each flight. (He says three will last him from Toronto to Vancouver.) He visits Britain every year, New York about once a week and spends the remainder of his working time directing Shell's activities from a tidy office on the 16th floor of a downtown Toronto office building. There is plenty to keep him busy—increasing oil and gas production in Alberta, extensions to a second refinery and installation of a new chemical plant at Montreal, and Shell's part in three new Canadian pipelines, one of which, the Trans Mountain Pipeline, lists him as a director.

He has a wife and three young daughters and spends as much time with them as his duties will permit, relaxing in the large, white house at Forest Hill which he bought from the president of a rival oil company some years ago. His hobby is fly-fishing and he likes to practise it in remote parts of the North-West in the type of country through which the oil pipelines may eventually pass.

JOHN WILCOCK

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE LTD. · FOUNDED 1710 · FIRE MARINE CASUALTY

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

Robert P. Simpson, *Manager For Canada*
15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK Ltd.

BY APPOINTMENT
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS & BLENDERS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

EXTRA SPECIAL
GOLD LABEL
Bulloch Lade
SCOTCH WHISKY

Bottled in Scotland

Advertising

THE POSTER Advertising Association of Canada is concerned about its public relations. Recently zoning regulations have been introduced in various separate communities. In one instance, the increase in the number of signs and billboards was drawn to the attention of Toronto's Works Committee and a report was ordered on what powers the city has to control the use of such signs.

Critics of advertising have of late years been less severe in their comments about posters and billboards. This is due to the self-policing on which the Poster Advertising Association has insisted. Also, charges that advertising is an economic waste have been less frequently levelled at the poster than at some other forms of advertising.

Still, the PAAC is worried about the health of its public relations. In a three months trip covering almost all of Canada east of Toronto and Northern Ontario points, the Association's field representative was able to arrange no more than five showings of the Association's new public relations film, "Your Outdoor Neighbor". The film was shown to approximately twenty people, all from the industry, and in no case did members arrange for any showings. Such complacency and indifference is roundly condemned in the official organ, "Canadian Poster News".

Indifferent public relations in the advertising world are not confined to the poster business. Other sections of the industry are unaccountably reticent about placing themselves in right relations with the public generally and with their critics in particular. The question is often asked: "Why don't advertising agencies advertise? Why don't they take their own medicine?" Agencies find it difficult and embarrassing to answer the question. They claim that no house ads drawn up by any member of an agency ever satisfy those who have the say-so. Because of that handicap, it has been suggested that each agency appoint a competitor as its advertising counsellor and all get busy peddling their wares. Many of them do their promotion by means of direct mail, a medium they consider has secondary merits when sought by their clients. There are exceptions, of course. James Lovick and Company, for example, recently ran a full-page advertisement.

The word "free" is beloved of copywriters. It is always given generous space and it eliminates very deep probing into the merits of the product. As a "stopper" it has few rivals. It has been appearing frequently of late. Current instances include a 25c size Halo shampoo free with a purchase of three bath size Palmolive or Cashmere Bouquet soap; a regular size Ajax Foaming Cleanser free as a sample "when you buy the giant size Vel or Fab—no coupon required"; a Beatty Stable Housing book in return for a filled-in coupon and a free "Guide for Ambitious M[illegible]" in the form of a 120-page booklet "Engineering Opportunities", also sent in exchange for a coupon by the Canadian Institute of Science and Technology.

Premiums are also in the spotlight. In return for one dollar and three wrappers from Palmolive soap, bath size, the consumer receives a plastic purse-shopping bag. Dr. Jackson Foods Ltd., offers an electric corn popper selling regularly for around $8.00 for a coupon from a package of Mother Jackson's Jiffy popping corn, plus $4.00. Color strips in comic sections offer a compass ring for 25c and coupon from the back of a Nabisco shredded wheat carton. Week-end papers and magazines offer a 50-cent discount for any old knife traded in on the purchase of an Ekco-Flint knife. Dealers are co-operating by turning their stores into "trade-in depots".

Advertisers are getting wise to the fact that no ostrich ever stuck its head in the sand. Others are still unaware that penguins are not found at or near the North Pole. A recent ad for a well-known anti-freeze carried an illustration showing Eskimos and penguins fraternizing around an igloo in the Arctic regions. Another query for the "Why Do They Do It?" Department is: Why does an ad for Canada Savings Bonds show a Mickey Mouse—or maybe a fox—mowing hay, with a row of wheat sheaves behind him? The caption says: "I'm making hay for a rainy day!"

JOHN CARLTON

STEEL SHAPES...

that shape the future

In Canada's rapidly expanding economy, steel warehouses serve an essential function by supplying steel shapes of all kinds for a multitude of industries. We, in Dominion Bridge, are proud of the fact that we maintain the only *national* warehouse service, serving thousands of customers from steel stocks at nine strategic centres from coast to coast. Under present day conditions, this "on the spot" service means a great deal in meeting urgent requirements.

**Other Divisions:* Structural, Platework, Boiler, Mechanical.

WAREHOUSE DIVISION DOMINION BRIDGE COMPANY LIMITED

Dominion Bridge Company warehouses at:
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER.
Assoc. Company Warehouses at: AMHERST, SAULT STE. MARIE.

Have You Read the

fine print

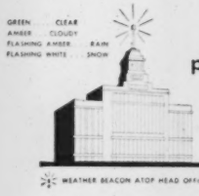
in Your Life Insurance Policies?

There's lots of reading matter in your life insurance policies . . . and it's all there in your interests.

What it says depends on what decisions you reach in building your life insurance estate. And these decisions are among the most important you will ever make in your life.

That's why the first thing a Canada Life representative learns when he begins his never-ending study is that life insurance is an individual proposition. There is no such thing as a pattern which can be applied to everyone. There is, in fact, no such thing as Mr. Average Man. When it comes to life insurance your individual needs are yours alone.

You may want your life insurance to build a solid foundation for later retirement. Or, it may be that, right now, protection for your family is of paramount importance and future retirement should be given secondary consideration. Your Canada Life representative can give you the advice you need. The application of Life Insurance to your present and future needs is his business.



plan your future with confidence in

The CANADA LIFE Assurance Company

WEATHER BEACON ATOP HEAD OFFICE BUILDING—TORONTO

Insurance

Dishonesty Losses Increasing

WHILE IT IS true that most Canadians are naturally honest, it is also true that the average loss ratio for what may be termed Dishonesty Insurance rose from 4.09 per cent in 1943 to 30.63 per cent in 1952. In the same period, the volume of this class of insurance increased by almost one hundred per cent.

As these loss figures do not include adjustment expenses, and the permissible earned loss ratio for this class of surety is 41.8 per cent (the figure beyond which the underwriters cannot operate without losing money), the real and growing need for Dishonesty Insurance becomes very apparent. The insured loss is, of course, still only a fraction of the uninsured losses.

Curiously enough, the losses are not, in the main, due to the defalcations of people with "criminal" tendencies. The defaulters who must be guarded against are the people in positions of trust who, in a moment of need—and it is often the need of others close to them—succumb to temptation. The case histories compiled by insurance companies reveal this clearly.

It is the very unexpectedness of this form of loss which makes it difficult to guard against even with the best of bookkeeping and accountancy systems. To meet this condition, the Fidelity Bond was devised by the surety underwriters. It insures against larceny, embezzlement, wilful misapplication, forgery, theft or other dishonest acts by the employee, whether alone or in collusion.

Loss must result, however, from the dishonesty of the bonded employee. Omission or error not involving dishonesty is not covered by this form, though money and other property, whether owned by the employer or others, but for which he is responsible, is covered under standard blanket fidelity bonds.

The original form of this surety was the Individual Bond. It is still in use but only where one employee is to be bonded, or very few are. It covers the individual employee in any position, is not restricted as to locality and is usually a stated penalty in favor of a named employer.

Name Schedule Bonds, the next step, were introduced to cover two or more employees by name for predetermined amounts. This form, in turn, was broadened by the introduction of the Position Schedule Bond, providing protection against dishonesty among employees occupying named positions and listing the jobs instead of the employees, with stated amounts for each position.

Not every employee who should be bonded occupies a specifically designated position, however, nor is there always a clearly defined area of responsibility for a stipulated job. Care must be exercised, therefore, in deciding which type of bond to carry.

The growing needs of business and the necessity for reducing cumbersome detail in the fast tempo of today have given rise to blanket coverages, removing the need for lists of employees' names subject to constant check and re-check. Out of this need has come the Primary Commercial Blanket Bond and the Blanket Position Bond.

The Primary Commercial Blanket Bond covers all executives and employees of a company collectively. The penalty of the bond starts at $10,000 and it has no ceiling, the rate being reduced proportionately, of course, as the amount increases. It has certain advantages over Schedule Bonds. In these the surety reimburses for losses occasioned by a bonded employee whereas the Primary Commercial Blanket form indemnifies for any loss, even though the defaulting employee is not identified, providing only that the fact is reasonably established that the loss is due to the fraud or dishonesty of one or more employees.

There is a salvage advantage also. In the schedule form, this is applied according to rate or the loss is made good first, depending on the terms of the bond. Under the blanket form, the employer is reimbursed for any loss over the face value of his policy he may have suffered, before the insurance company may participate in salvage. The Discovery Period is uniformly 12 months after cancellation of the bond, regardless of the date a defaulting employee may have left or given notice of his departure. All new employees, except those excluded by rider are automatically covered without notice to the surety and with no additional premium charge in that year for a normal increase in staff.

The Blanket Position Bond covers all employees individually without a schedule or list being required. The face value of the bond applies to each employee involved in default and the penalties range from a minimum $2,500 to a maximum $100,000. Two years are allowed after termination to discover loss. Continuity of coverage may be obtained in most fidelity forms to guard against discovery of losses which may have been sustained in the period of a prior bond coverage. It is also possible to secure an excess indemnity rider on employees in key positions.

The advantages of blanket bond protection for all sizable concerns are fairly obvious; it is, in effect, group coverage which eliminates a great amount of detail. It is also possible to go beyond employee-dishonesty insurance by means of comprehensive forms covering crime insurance in package policies, but that is a subject for a special article in itself. Here we have confined ourselves strictly to fidelity suretyship and the unpredictable human factor of the trusted employee where the major losses in this category originate.

WILLIAM S. LATER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

vided by the Government has failed to produce a full quota of apprentices in the construction industry and questions are asked as to why this is so.

In the manufacturing industries few trades are designated under Provincial Apprenticeship Acts. In the manufacturing industry, such trades as Draftsman, Tool and Die Maker and Machinist are seldom designated and apprenticeship in these trades is set up and operated by individual manufacturing companies, without Government aid. Usually the companies provide all of the practical trade training in their factories, and the related classroom training is either given by night school classes at the local Vocational School, through correspondence courses, or in special classes conducted by the company.

Unfortunately, the number of apprentices in the manufacturing trades is too few and the situation is no better than it is in the construction trades.

Because there is no complete registration of apprentices in the manufacturing trades, exact figures are not available. However, a recent survey covering 709 plants made by the Economics and Research Branch of the Federal Department of Labor shows that in the transportation, electrical apparatus, and iron and steel industries, only 88 plants had organized training programs. In terms of numbers for these three industrial groups combined, only about 3,000 out of a total of 300,000 production workers are receiving trade training.

These figures are ample evidence that insufficient apprenticeship training is being given in the manufacturing industries, and there are actually fewer apprentices in training now than there were five years ago. This can be attributed to the fact that there are not sufficient companies offering apprenticeship training programs.

The Federal Government, acting upon the advice of the National Conference on Apprenticeship Training held in May, 1952, has appointed the National Apprenticeship Training Advisory Committee, consisting of a chairman and ten members representing Federal and Provincial Governments, organized labor, and employers. This committee is investigating to see if it is practical to establish national standards of apprenticeship particularly with respect to definitions of trades and contents of training courses for apprentices.

Now being prepared for the trades in greatest demand are trade analyses which will set forth basic skills, trade knowledge and related information, or what is often referred to as the "hard core" of skill and knowledge essential to each trade.

The establishment of uniform trade standards across Canada should assist employers in training apprentices and provide for free movement of qualified tradesmen between provinces, without requiring them to requalify at their trade, as is often the case at the present time.

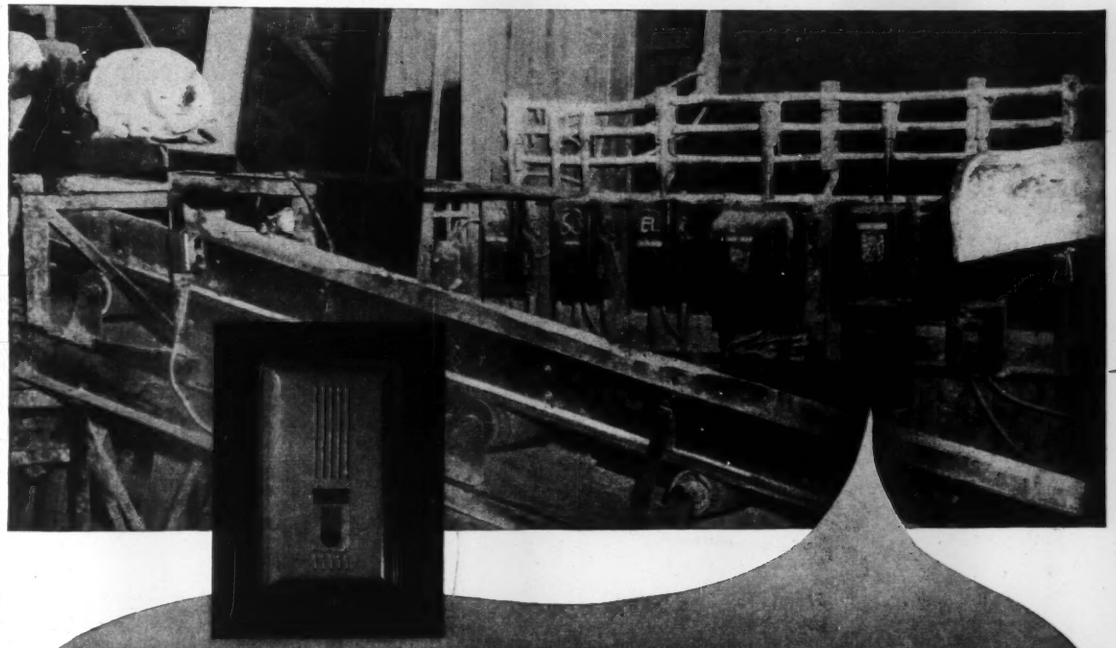
Government departments and committees can do valuable work in many similar areas to aid in establishing more apprenticeship training. There is need for a system of national certificates covering the related classroom training which forms such an important part of apprenticeship in the manufacturing trades. Certificates of this type have been issued in Great Britain since 1929 and are widely recognized by engineering societies and industry in Great Britain and in Canada. It is regrettable that Canadian boys have not been given the same opportunity to obtain national recognition for technical ability.

It is also evident that some form of registration of apprentices in all trades is required in order that the country may be informed regarding the strength of its skilled work force. Through the use of trade advisory committees, trade examinations acceptable in all provinces can be established.

These, and many other important functions, can be operated through the Government, but they will in no way relieve industry of its responsibility to provide adequate training facilities for its future skilled workers.

Many young Canadians who are unable to attend University are looking to industry to provide training opportunities for them in the world of work. The responsibility for providing this training rests squarely on the shoulders of Canadian industry. It is a definite obligation which should be acknowledged and prompt action must be taken in order to provide an adequate skilled work force for Canada's expanding economy.

Mr. Sparrow is Supervisor, Apprentice Training at the Peterborough works of the Canadian General Electric Company.



New Starter Scores on Toughest Job!

EXOLON COMPANY DELIGHTED WITH AMAZING SERVICE OF NEW

Westinghouse *Life-Linestarter* MOTOR CONTROL

The Exolon Company of Thorold, Ontario, had a tough motor starter problem. A conveyor between primary and secondary crushers had to be stopped at least 20 times a minute for the hand selection of abrasive aggregate. Intense atmosphere of rock dust, plus excessive motor starter operations required new contacts once a month for ordinary starters. These production shut-downs were a costly nuisance!

On September 17th, 1951, Exolon installed a Westinghouse Life-Linestarter! Since then, the Westinghouse Starter has operated continuously without attention — original contacts are as good as new! Maintenance costs in well over two years are zero!

There's good reason for this outstanding performance. Westinghouse Life-Linestarters are an entirely new motor control development. Patented De-ion Arc Quenchers do away with contact pitting, spring loaded, clapper-type breaker mechanism cannot foul. Straight-through wiring and pressure-type connectors make installation easy. Maintenance is simplified with all five sizes of Life-Linestarter of the exact same design—all parts are front removable with a screwdriver.

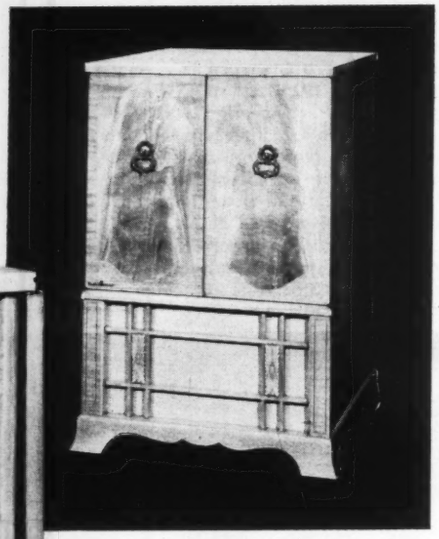
For a new concept of motor control service, for elimination of breakdowns, reduction in maintenance, install Westinghouse Life-Linestarters. Full details are yours by writing to Industrial Division, Canadian Westinghouse Company Limited, Hamilton.

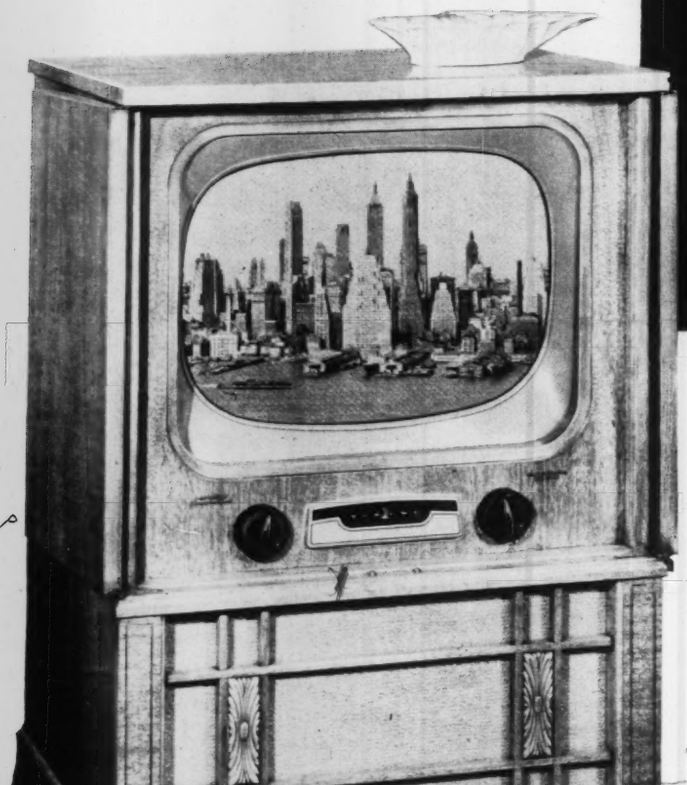
YOU CAN BE SURE ..IF IT'S Westinghouse

SEE WESTINGHOUSE STUDIO ONE ON TV MONDAYS, CBLT, CBO, CBFT. 10-11 P.M.

200-42

EATON'S





A superb VIKING

To add a gracious note to your home

Handsomely designed cabinets, in choice of three finishes, precision-engineered circuits to bring you drama, sports, music and news events with sparkling realism. 21″ cylindrical picture tube with edge-to-edge focus and sloping safety glass to make viewing easy . . . large 12″ speaker offers melodiously bright tone . . . extra sensitivity assures good reception even in fringe areas. *Viking* Television has proven to be outstanding in sight and sound . . . and is exclusively with Eaton's.

EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION • STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

In the Black

"ARE WOMEN as good investors as men?

It's a question often asked of me and as difficult to answer as the old conundrum, "How long is a piece of string?" The woman investor is infinite in variety, but there are, to be sure, feminine characteristics.

Prudence is a feminine virtue and in the investment field women are inclined to be more cautious than men —Hetty Green to the contrary. When a woman has money to put to work she looks about for a conservative investment . . . not for her the long shot gamble, the highly speculative stock with a big question mark after its future potentialities. The high adventure of backing something that has yet to prove itself, readiness to take a chance, confidence in judgment of future possibilities is the backbone of this country's development—and an almost wholly masculine trait.

Women—for the very good reason that they *are* women—are conservative because they cannot afford to take chances. Let us look at the Bell Telephone Company. This Company is supposed to have twice as many women shareholders as men. But who holds the greatest number of Bell Telephone shares? Men. In other words, they have the most money.

More men are able to take greater risks in the investment field than women. They can buy for capital appreciation to a greater extent, and for this reason their returns are apt to be larger. Women are more interested in the immediate income return on their investment and are not looking ahead several years.

Taking into consideration the comparatively short time women have been investing on their own, I think that in their field—that of the proven, conservative investment—they are as good as men. More women are learning how to read and interpret company reports, more women are learning how to balance this factor against that factor when deciding where to place their money to best advantage.

Another question I am asked is, "Are women as good losers as men?"

I think they are. When a woman buys a *good* security and it goes down with the whole market, she is inclined to be philosophical—her attitude is that it will come back and she does not particularly worry.

On the other hand, when she purchases a security for capital appreciation, or on speculation, she often is reluctant to sell for a small profit. Her attitude is that if someone else wants to buy it, then it should not be sold. As a result, she sometimes misses a good profit by waiting too long. There is also the woman who spends her energy wishing, after the stock goes down, that she had sold it before; or who cannot understand why she was not urged to purchase the stock before it went up. But then these, of course, are not purely feminine characteristics.

No, the average woman investor is not a gambler by instinct—she's a careful, conservative buyer who usually, nine times out of ten, ends up on the black side of the ledger.

HELEN CLEVELAND

TRAFALGAR BALL, *in Vancouver: photographed with His Honor Lieut.-Governor Clarence Wallace, and Mrs. Wallace: l to r, Thelma Thorliefson, Mrs. Wallace, Margaret Moffatt, the Lieut.-Governor, Sally Grimmerr and Ann Kincade.*

Photo, Eric Skipsey.

Women

Conversation Pieces:

IN THE POLITICAL spotlight: Mrs. Nancy Hodges, a former Speaker of the BC Legislature, now the fifth woman in the Senate; Alice K. Lyons, a mail order department manager, who served with the RCAF, now on the Regina city council; and Mrs. Walter Moffat, the first woman to be elected to the city council in Moose Jaw, Sask., in twenty years.

From an 1863 etiquette book by Lady Gough: "The perfect hostess will see to it that the works of male and female authors be properly separated on her bookshelf. Their proximity, unless they happen to be married, should not be tolerated."

Just published is a new etiquette book, *Mind Your Manners*, by radio commentator Claire Wallace (Harlequin.) Items are arranged alphabetically; under "Books", we are told that the polite borrower returns the borrowed book promptly.

Guest columnist Helen Cleveland (page 40) not only has her own clients at Wood Gundy's, as Manager of the Women's Department, but, once a year, she lectures to an overflow audience of Toronto women interested in investing their own money.

The November birthstone, the topaz, was believed to ensure long life, intelligence, and beauty to its wearers.

Violinist Betty-Jean Hagen, of Edmonton and Calgary, has captured another "first" for Canada, being the first Canadian to win the Carl Flesch Medal. This English award is considered one of the most important in the musical world. Three years ago she was the second Canadian to win the U.S. Naumberg Award.

In Paris cognac hues are the news in jewellery. Clear or opaque-coloured beads, separated by tiny white rhinestone rings, are strung into a simple necklace. Cognac even appears in enamel and brilliants. There are more watch rings, too, in Paris than there have been for a long time.

New Presidents: Mrs. J. Len Wilson, of Windsor, Ont., of the Affiliated May Court Clubs of Canada; Mrs. Isabel Hunt (first woman QC in Manitoba), of the Portia Club of Winnipeg; Mrs. Edgar Bates, dean of women at McMaster University, of the North American Women's Union of the Baptist World Alliance, elected at the convention in Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. D. P. Gotlieb,

SYMPHONY BALL, *in Winnipeg: above, Mrs. Irving Keith, chairman of the Women's Committee of the Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra. Group, clockwise, starting l, Mrs. William Ripley, Mrs. Allan Young, Olga Maumka, Mrs. Roland Hunt, and Mrs. George Toman.*

Photo, Gordon Roberts.

Smart
WHEN ENTERTAINING
PEEK FREAN'S
ASSORTED
COCKTAIL
BISCUITS
Here's variety for your refreshments when you give a party . . . and all in one packet. And Peek Frean's Assorted Cocktail Biscuits are as appetizing as they are novel.
Mr. Peek & Mr. Frean
MADE BY
PEEK FREAN'S
MAKERS OF
Famous ENGLISH Biscuits
615

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE
WINE MERCHANTS KING GEORGE VI

SANDEMAN
PORT
&
SHERRY
GEO. G. SANDEMAN, SONS CO. LTD.
LONDON - OPORTO - JEREZ

of Winnipeg, re-elected by the Hadassah Organization of Canada. Mrs. Jean McDonald, of Roland, Man., is the first woman to become chairman of the Manitoba Advisory Board on Education. Mrs. McDonald, a former teacher, has been on the board for 10 years. She is the wife of W. C. McDonald, MPP.

Weddings: Anne Pattullo Collison, grand-daughter of the Hon. T. D. Pattullo, to Dr. Hugh Singleton Ford, both of Victoria; Janine Raymond, daughter of Jean Raymond, QC, of Westmount, Que., to Jean Rivard, son of the Hon. Antoine Rivard, of Quebec City; Yvonne Anne Sewell, daughter of Captain Ellwood Sewell, of Ottawa, and member of the National Ballet Company of Canada, to Brian D'Arcy Magner, of Toronto; Elspeth Hope Murray, daughter of Col. W. W. Murray, OBE, MC, of Ottawa, to John Bryan Boyd, son of Mrs. Millar Boyd, of New Westminster, BC; Susan Asselin, daughter of Mr. Joseph Omer Asselin, to Jacques Tetrault, both of Montreal.

Presentations

TORONTO DEBUTANTES *who made their bow to society at the Artillery Ball.*

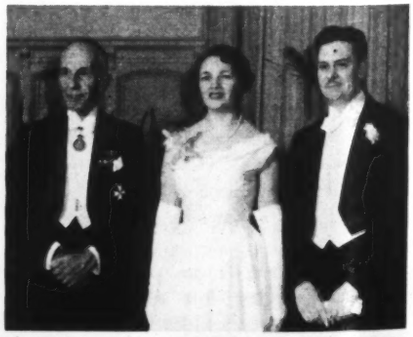
Photo, Ashley & Crippen.

AT THE *Artillery Ball; debutante Margaret Smith and her father, C. R. J. Smith, of Toronto.*

Photo, Ashley & Crippen.

IN MONTREAL, *His Excellency the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, CH, Governor General of Canada, Mrs. Paul Lippens, president of La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine, and Mr. Lippens, at the Bal des Petits Souliers.*

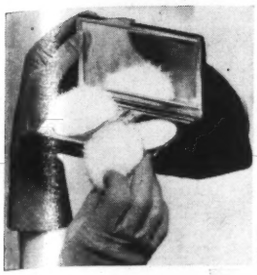
Photo, Blank and Stoller.



VANCOUVER DEBUTANTES, *photographed with His Honor Lieut.-Gov. Clarence Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, at the Trafalgar Ball.*

Photo, Eric Skipsey.

Christmas Gifts



FITTED *Vanity-Clutch, in black suede, from Toronto Simpson's bag collection from Spain, $25.*
Photo, Roseborough

WILD MINK *cape stole, with rounded ends and pockets. Here draped around the shoulders for dramatic effect, $575. At Swears and Wells, Toronto.*
Photo, Norine McNerney

EVENING *sandals in gunmetal patent, with the new Rapier heel, by Bally of Switzerland, $22.50. At Dolcis shoe stores.*
Photo, Norine McNerney

EVENING *Glamour: silver slippers by Rayne of London, $35; cultured pearl necklet, $135; rhinestone hoop earrings, $3.95 a pair; mother-of-pearl and rhinestone lighter, $15; cream colored beaded evening bag, from France, $60. At Toronto Eaton's.*

Commercial Studio, Eaton's

by Elizabeth Arden

use one color over another! Two beautiful creamy, indelible swivel Lipsticks in one star-spangled case...a brilliant way to send your Christmas Greetings. 3.00

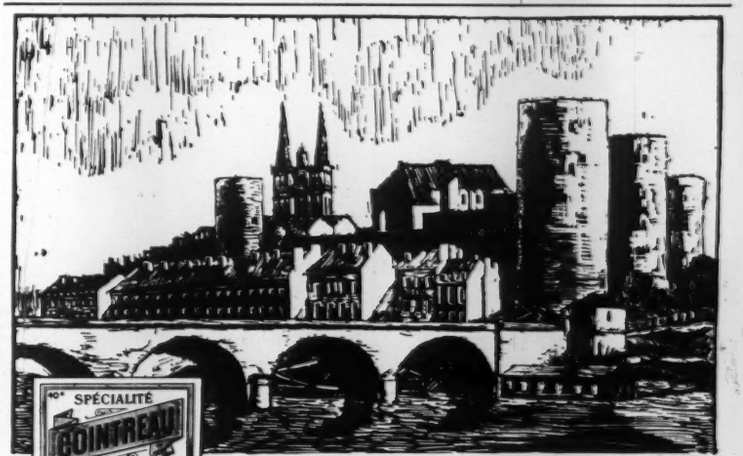
Elizabeth Arden

SIMPSON'S, TORONTO

And At Smartest Shops in Every Town

In Tucson ARIZONA
WORLD FAMOUS HOTEL
SANTA RITA
Offers You EVERYTHING!
• Sunshine • Mountains • Riding • Tennis • Swimming • Golf and ... the Most Wonderful Vacation You've Ever Had!
See Travel Agent or write Geo. W. Hall, Mgr.
Santa Rita Hotel, Tucson, Arizona, U. S. A.

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE!
Wolsey Hall (est. 1894) offers you postal tuition for fully recognized London University (Eng.) Degrees, B.A., B.Sc., B.D., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B. No lecture attendance required; only three (in some cases, two) exams to pass: centres across Canada. 17,000 Wolsey Hall students passed London exams 1925-52. Write, stating Degree desired, to G. L. Clarke, B.A., Director of Studies, Dept. OS.29.
WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.



In 1849, in the city of Angers, France, ancient capital of Anjou, was born Cointreau . . . the Gem of Liqueurs. Today, inimitable Cointreau is still imported direct from Angers.

The crowning touch to a perfect dinner

GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., SN
Canada Cement Bldg., Montreal.
Please send "The Gourmet's Guide to Dining and Drinking"—FREE.
Name.....
Address.....
City.....

COINTREAU LIQUEUR C-5

They're Safer than Money

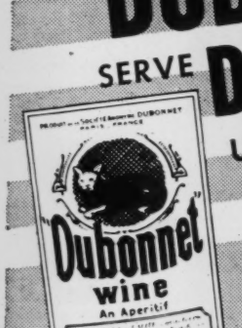
CANADIAN PACIFIC EXPRESS TRAVELLERS CHEQUES

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CANADIAN PACIFIC AGENTS AND MOST BANKS

TRY DUBONNET "STRAIGHT"

SERVE DUBONNET CHILLED

USE DUBONNET IN COCKTAILS



AVAILABLE AT ALL LIQUOR COMMISSION STORES

SIGN OF THE STEER

161 DUPONT STREET

Toronto's Steak-house of distinction

For Reservations Call RA. 8486 PR. 5842

DUNCAN HINES APPROVED

WINNER of HOLIDAY MAGAZINE AWARD, 1953

EXPORT "A" FILTER TIP CIGARETTES

MARGARET AITKEN (*r*), Telegram *columnist and now an MP, and Byrne Hope Sanders, who collaborated on* Hey, Ma, I Did It, *the story of Margaret's political campaign in York Humber (near Toronto). The book was accepted by Clarke, Irwin before a word was written; was actually sent to the printers chapter by chapter to meet a press deadline.*

• •

Wise to the Word?

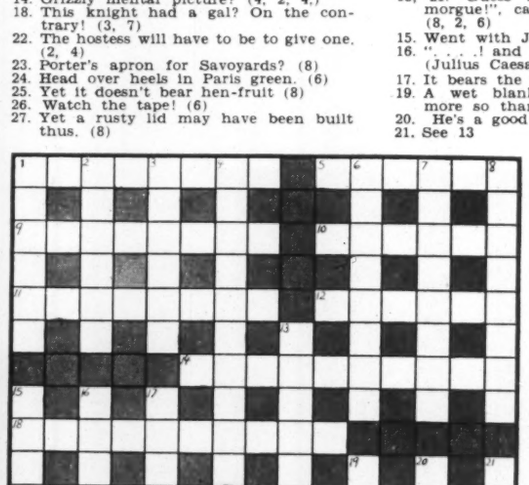
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Book-end? (4, 4)
5. Just business that's mostly just. (6)
9. Sure nice work if you can get it. (8)
10. In South Africa he shot an apple for her. (6)
11. If he takes you inside for dinner, you won't savor the meal. (8)
12. But he didn't refrain from opening "Henry V". (6)
14. Grizzly mental picture? (4, 2, 4,)
18. This knight had a gal? On the contrary! (3, 7)
22. The hostess will have to be to give one. (2, 4)
23. Porter's apron for Savoyards? (8)
24. Head over heels in Paris green. (6)
25. Yet it doesn't bear hen-fruit (8)
26. Watch the tape! (6)
27. Yet a rusty lid may have been built thus. (8)

DOWN

1. TCUTWO (6)
2. The dog can get in by a point. (6)
3. Always in a jam. (6)
4. Refuse a fellow? Many would this one! (7, 3)
6. Getting attractive? (8)
7. What gall Eric has! (8)
8. Just off the beaten track. (8)
13, 21. "Guess what! Your ma's in the morgue!", can't be this, so to speak. (8, 2, 6)
15. Went with Judas to the betrayal. (8)
16. ". . . . ! and let slip the dogs of war". (Julius Caesar) (3, 5)
17. It bears the fruit of victory. (4, 4)
19. A wet blanket should naturally be more so than a spoilsport. (6)
20. He's a good friend overseas. (3, 3)
21. See 13



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Stick to your guns
9. Intense
10. Dynasty
11. Kirk
12. See 17
15. Numerator
16. Token
17, 12. Stick in the mud
19. Pasturage
22. Broccoli
24. Aril
27. Crevice
28. Knee-cap
29. Sticking plaster

DOWN

1. Stickiness
2. Interim
3. Kink
4. One pint
5. Oldster
6. Rinse
7. Unstuck
8. Skye
13. Trek
14. Interloper
16. Taut
18. Israeli
19. Protein
20. Stick-up
21. Apricot
23. Clink
25. Acts
26. Beta

(289)

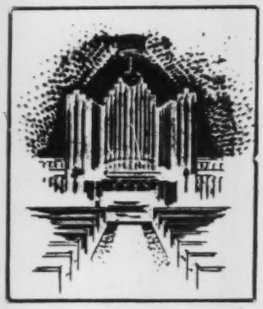
. . . . . you will be proud of your MINK
by
CREEDS
27 bloor street west

AYE! IT'S...

McEWAN'S
GLOBE BRAND
STRONG ALE
BREWED AND BOTTLED BY WM. McEWAN & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH-SCOTLAND
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OZS

McEwan's Strong Ale is a world famous Scotch Ale, brewed and bottled in Edinburgh, Scotland. Ask for it at clubs, bars, resorts and

AT ALL PROVINCIAL LIQUOR STORES



A. W. MILES
Funeral Director

SERVICES ARE HELD UNDER IDEAL CONDITIONS

The Chapel is commodious, convenient, beautifully and appropriately appointed. Equipped with pipe organ. The chapel is completely Air-Conditioned.

CREMATION CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO IF DESIRED

30 ST. CLAIR AVE. WEST, TORONTO

PR. 2569 PRIVATE PARKING PR. 4213

WESTERN SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION
HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG
BRANCH OFFICES
Agency Building, Edmonton, Alta.
221 A-8th Ave., W., Calgary, Alta.
McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.
407 Avenue Building, Saskatoon, Sask.
1 Royal Bank Building, Brandon, Man.

The Backward Glance

56 Years Ago This Week

THE MUMMIFIED CHICKEN and hand-painted pea circuit was going great guns in 1897, and SATURDAY NIGHT for Nov. 27 listed the following lecturers who had been brought to Toronto during recent weeks: Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle, Ian Maclaren, Dean Hole, David Christie Murray, Fridtjof Nansen, and Frederick Villiers.

"A Doctor's Bill", a short story by Dorothea Gerard, was a sort of Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl without the mechanization of a treadle Singer. The doctor, a poltroon by the name of Dr. Eisler, asks one of his poor female clients, "How do you propose to pay me?" and she answers, "By my embroidery. I do the handkerchiefs for the Firma Pollart. They pay me by the dozen. If you will only wait a few weeks I shall certainly pay your bill; it will only mean sitting up a little later than usual at night." Eisler, the cad, answered, with a shrug of his shoulders, "A little practice never comes amiss to a beginner; therefore I have no objection to play this comedy. My time is not so precious just now as I trust it will become later on."

Reluctantly, we skipped several columns in which Lisi worked the swing shift on her embroidery, manufacturing enough handkerchiefs to dry every eye in an audience of *East Lynne*, and picked up the saga again in its closing paragraphs. Dr. Eisler (who certainly should have been reported to the Canadian Medical Association) said to Lisi, "I want to be paid today." The girl burst into tears. "I cannot. I cannot! Oh, have mercy! I have nothing to pay you with!" Eisler (probably twisting the ends of his waxed mustache) said to the girl, "Lisi, do you think you could love me enough to be my wife?" After she recovered from a traumatic coma induced by this shock to her nervous system, and after Eisler had spun her a dip about what it would mean to both of them going hand in hand down a path lined with tongue depressors and copies of *Materia Medica*, "Lisi still stared, while the tears slowly dried on her cheeks." We don't know what the 1897 readers thought about the story, but to us it was one of the most dastardly tricks in the annals of seduction, and if that's the way doctors get their wives, we say fie! to the whole fraternity.

In 1897 the British were still carrying the white man's burden, and SATURDAY NIGHT reported the charge of the Gordon Highlanders at the battle of Dargai on the old Northwest Frontier of India, in which Piper Milne, though shot through both feet, changed what had been a rout into a successful charge against the Afridis.

Under "Sporting Comment" was an item reporting that rugby was a dangerous game, and that at least one U.S. college had recently banned it. The players in those days were a rugged lot; SATURDAY NIGHT mentioned that the American press had listed the names of eight or ten players who had recently been killed while playing the game. Anticlimactically, the item went on to say, "Young men have complained to me that their lives have since been made miserable by their mothers and aunts who have experienced a revived horror of the 'brutal game of rugby'."

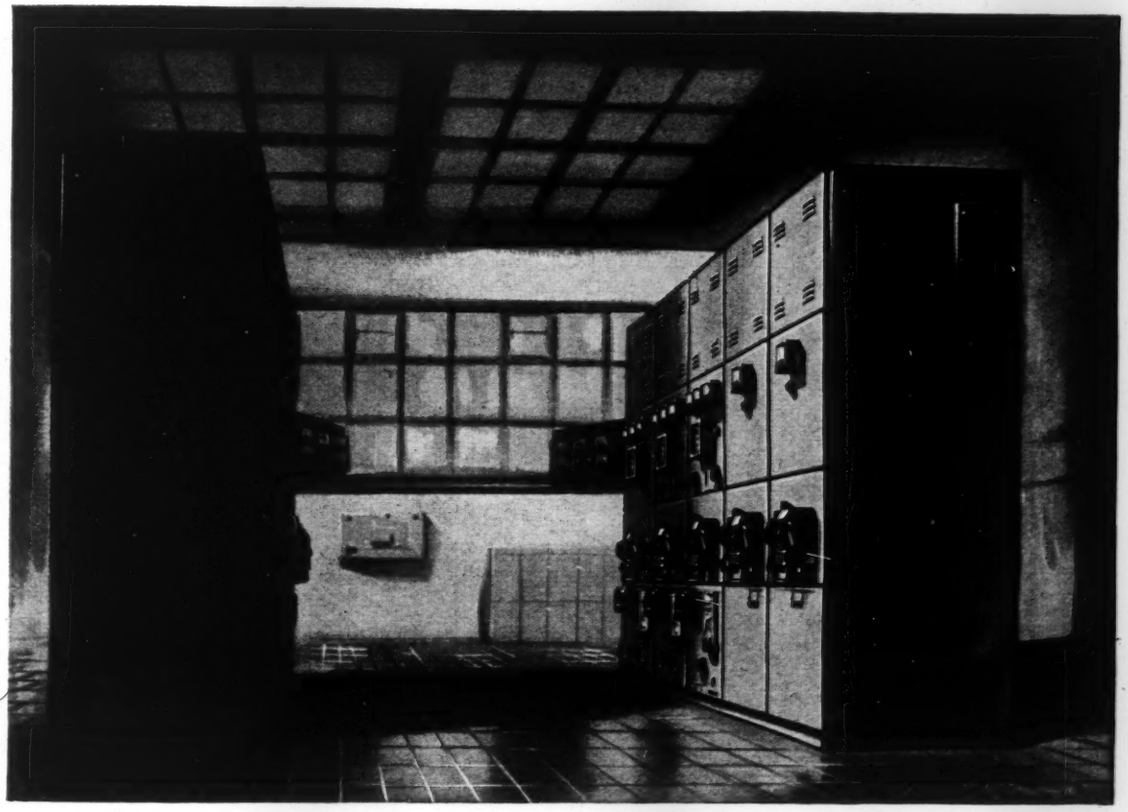
In the days before Dodd's discovered the human kidney, the firm was in the dyspepsia business, and manufactured Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. One of the advertised claims was: "The manner in which these changes are made is simplicity itself. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in place of the stomach till the stomach regains its strength. At the same time they tone it up and nourish it." As a matter of fact, there was another ad on the same page as the Dyspepsia Tablets that featured a nostrum manufactured by John Labatt, that has brought us back from the valley of the shadow of death many a Sunday morning. "If your digestive powers are deficient you need something now to create and maintain strength for the daily round of duties. Take the pleasantest of malt beverages — John Labatt's Ale and Porter."

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	19
BUSINESS	33
FILMS	12
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	13
LETTERS	5
LIGHTER SIDE	18
MUSIC	11
OTTAWA LETTER	16
WOMEN	41

SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 8 WHOLE NO. 3160

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices, Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice-Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.



Switchgear

These five panel metal enclosed cubicle type generator control switchboards are two of thirteen recently supplied to Canadian industry.

For nearly thirty years 'ENGLISH ELECTRIC' have been building switchgear to the specific needs of those who handle and control electric power. Custom built switchgear for every purpose is a product of the St. Catharines plant.

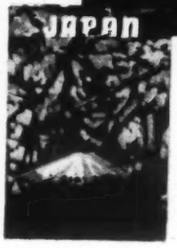
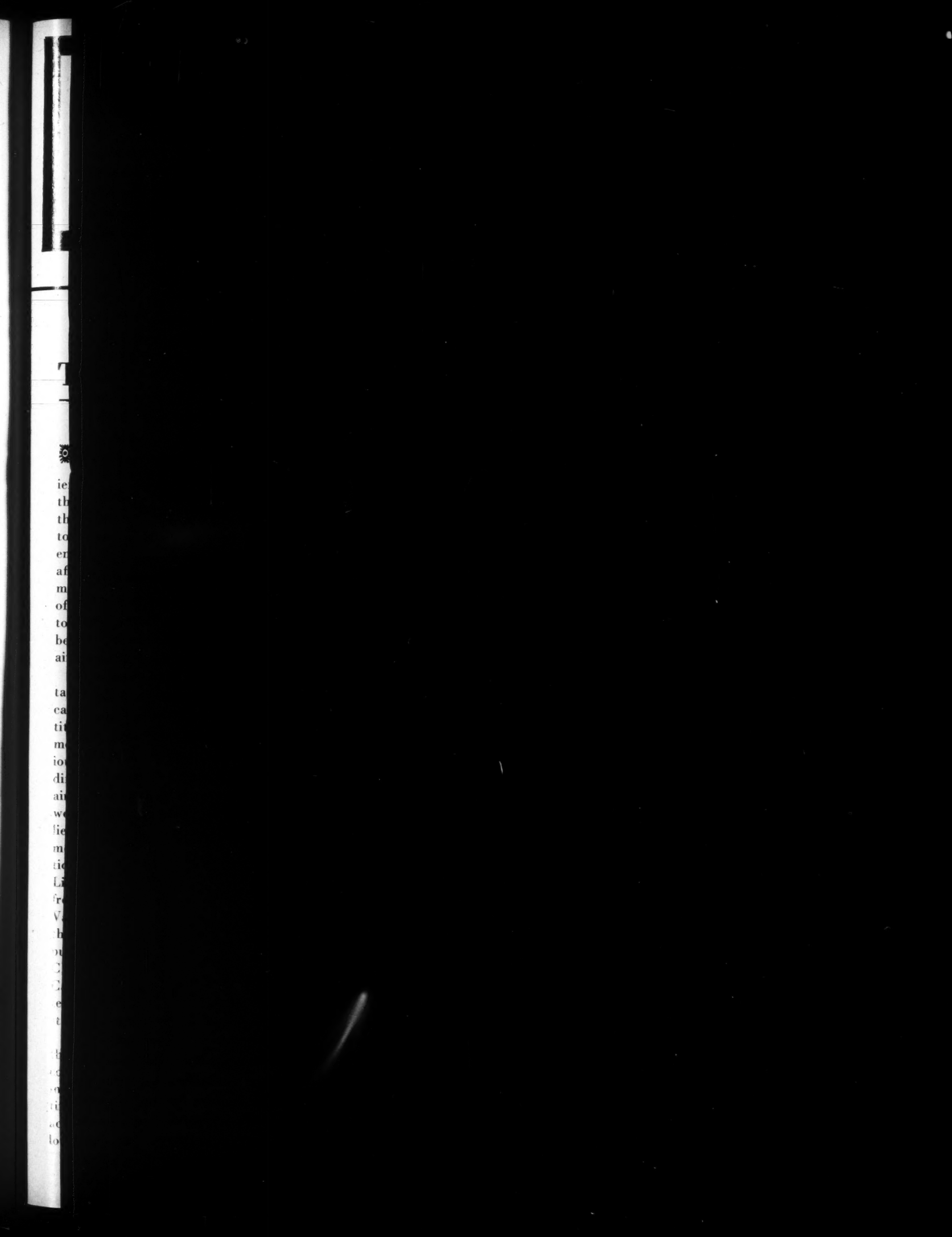
Indoor and outdoor unit substations. Outdoor switch-houses. Metal-clad indoor switchboards. Indoor and outdoor airblast circuit breakers. Indoor and outdoor oil circuit breakers. Disconnect switches. H.R.C. fusegear.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Offices in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver
English Electric Company of Canada Ltd. Head Office and Factory : St. Catharines, Ontario

PA 5318

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ATHLONE
FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A RARE OLD DELICATE CANADIAN WHISKY SPECIALLY MATURED IN OAK CASKS
DISTILLED, AGED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA
DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
CONTENTS 25 OUNCES
Honoured the world over



Of all whiskies exported throughout the world from any country, more Seagram's V.O. is sold than any other brand.